Beginning the Letters from a Congressman's Wife

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° Dñ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 173. No. 24 Philadelphia, December 15, 1900 Five Cents the Copy

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, November.

WELL, here we are once more in Washington, Robert and I; and we have crossed the gulf, the gulf that "doth draw what's near it with it," and we are safely on the flowery side of two great events. First, the country has been saved once more, in fact saved for the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth time in its history. Secondly, the Legislature at Spruce City is overwhelmingly Republican and every vote is pledged to Robert John Slocum for the United States Senate, and, as Dick Swiveller would say, "I shall, with your permission, attempt a slight remark" anent this same Senatorial election. *We have worked for it!* I think for the first time in my life I fully understand the word which our Vice-President-elect is so fond of and has used so conspicuously, "strenuous." Our summer was strenuous.

It is true that after Congress adjourned last June I fully intended to spend the season at Newport in order to keep my place, so hardly earned, in the social procession, and thither I went, leaving Robert to care for his own political interests, but alas! in the midst of the very hottest weather in July, and even before I had had a chance to wear my swagger French gowns, I saw a paragraph in the Spruce City Flapjack that had been marked and forwarded to me, which stated that:

"The Honorable Robert John Slocum, who belongs to the chin-whisker class of statesmen, is about to take the stump for McKinley, and incidentally for himself. This shifty gentleman is vociferously claiming everything in sight in the State, but he has probably forgotten what Cicero has said of orators of his stamp, that 'orators are most vehement when they have the weakest cause, as men get on horseback when they cannot walk.'"

This paragraph utterly spoiled any further stay at Newport. I felt that I was needed out in Spruce City if Robert John Slocum was to get to the United States Senate. Accordingly I wired Robert that I should join him, which I straightway did, and I never left his side during the rest of the summer. I worked with him and for him, and the Flapjack remarked in an item, late in the autumn, that:

"The Honorable Mr. Slocum probably is well aware that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongues than by their virtues," which was very spiteful, but was a tribute to his plausible speech. I campaigned with Robert all through the West, and even came South with him in October when he stumped Maryland at the request of Senator McComas, this being purely a case where "the wing of friendship could not moult a feather." Robert said that Senator McComas is likely to become the new boss of Maryland, and that, apart from the pleasure of obliging the junior Senator from Maryland, it was his greatest desire to help "do up" Mr. Wellington and prevent Mr. Bryan from calling the State "My Maryland," as he had boasted that he should do.

During our tour through the State I saw one picture that I shall always remember. Our train was side-tracked for a time, just outside a little town, in order to wait for the "special" which was to bring the Democratic candidate to this same little town where he was to speak. I was glad of the delay as I wished to see and hear this man. A platform had been erected outside the station, and an eager, excited throng of countrymen and farmers had gathered to hear the "People's Tribune." I watched the whole thing from my open car window.

Mr. Bryan was silhouetted clearly against a gray, lowering sky. I was familiar, as every one is, with the pictures of this man, but the man on the platform was not the man of the pictures. This was a man of the fields, rather than of the cloister as the cuts have shown him. I could not hear what he said, but the crowd cheered again and again, and he was still talking when our train pulled out of the place. We were speeding along to the town where Robert was to speak, and our party was made up of one or two of Maryland's State Committeemen, a newspaper man or two, Mr. Pearre, who was up for reëlection to the House, Robert and myself. I was finally rallied on my silence and Robert spoke up for me:

"This is Mrs. Slocum's first campaign and she takes it rather hard. I am afraid her doll is stuffed with sawdust since she has seen the Democratic candidate."

"Well," I said reflectively, "I don't suppose that Mr. Bryan is really different from the rest of you. I have observed that only one pattern ever seems to have been used in the cut of politicians. Of course, this pattern is sometimes laid on the material on the bias, or is skimped, or is even quite crooked, but on the whole it is the same old pattern. Have any of you gentlemen ever heard what one of your own sex has said of you?"

"No; tell us," came in a chorus.

"'Man is to man all kinds of beasts—a roaring lion, a fawning dog, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile and a rapacious vulture,'" I said glibly.

They all laughed and Robert asked slyly:

"What about you women politicians? What was it that the women out in Colorado were planning to do at the polls to carry a certain precinct, when we were out there two weeks ago?"

"Oh, that was a state secret which I am not at liberty to tell," said I, hiding behind a simulated virtue; then I added with a laugh:

"But the women all throughout that State were fully alive to the situation. Robert and I were visiting Captain R—— and his wife; and Mrs. R——, in talking over the coming election, said that she could muster four Republican votes right under her own roof. I naturally thought of Captain R—— as one, his man-servant as another, but beyond those two I could not go, but Mrs. R—— spoke up quickly: 'Oh, I meant four women's votes. I'm counting my Irish cook, my waitress, the nurse-girl and myself. We make up the four votes.' I was nonplussed and asked where the Captain and his man came in. 'Oh!' she sniffed contemptuously, 'they neither of them can vote. They're in the army, you know, and soldiers have no vote; and lucky it is, too, for us in this house, for the Captain is a Bryan man, but when election day comes around I shall have the team hitched up and bundle my women voters into it and drive them to the polls myself, and the Captain will stay home and take care of the twins!'"

"Yes, and the best of it is," chimed in Robert, "that the Irish cook has strong Bryan leanings, but Mrs. R—— has secured her vote by promising her higher wages."

And at this there was a general laugh in which I fain would not have joined, for the turning of the tables on my sex was not to my taste.

"Well," I said tartly, "one thing is certain; woman, spelled with a big 'W,' is in politics and she is there to stay for life, and you men have got to make way for her whether you want to or not."

"Amen to that and bless her, too," said they all with hearty accord, rising and bowing to me.

Of course Robert and I did not linger in Maryland for it was necessary to hurry back to Spruce City, as some of the finest touches of a campaign are put in at the close, and Robert had various speeches to make in the towns and villages in the outlying country around Spruce City. Ah, those were anxious days and nights! When election night came I went to the "Woman's Club" to hear the returns. This was the first time in the experience of Spruce City women that they had been out on election night, and I was hoping great things for them, for I remembered my statement down in Maryland that women had entered politics to stay. And it looked to me as though my own townswomen were among those who had entered the arena. A wire was run into the club and a meek little woman operator was secured to take off the returns. Tea and cakes were provided in abundance and the club turned out in gala attire and in a high state of expectation, though in what their expectation consisted I do not know; surely it could not have been to hear the country's verdict, for they did not listen to the verdict, but buzzed and babbled and laughed and talked of bridge whist and of Ibsen, and of their children, and of their servants, and of everything under the sun.

It seemed to me, as I stood near the quiet little operator and received the red-hot messages that came from all over the country, that she and I were the only two women in all that throng who cared a rap which "William" was elected. In vain, as the telegrams poured in, I rapped for silence, and I was reminded of the Irishman who presided at a meeting and announced that he wanted "silence, and precious little of it, too." It was no use for me to pound. The vote of the country could not hope to compete in Spruce City with such absorbing topics as servants, whist and clothes. One dyspeptic woman, who was drinking tea unlimitedly, said to me, with engaging candor, when I tried to get her attention:

"Oh, I can't make head or tail of these telegrams, they are so disconnected. I thought the election was for either McKinley or Bryan, but these messages are all about a man called Odell. I never heard of him before!"

I did not wish to be the leader of a forlorn hope, so I did not enlighten her. Once, as the evening grew late, and I thought I had succeeded in gaining the attention of the crowd, for there was a lull, I began to read out an important message, but my voice was met and outclassed by one that came, shrill and loud, from the back of the room, with this astounding announcement:

"We fry ours in butter!"

This was my Waterloo. I gave up, and long before the Spruce City Woman's Club had exhausted its domestic topics the little operator and I knew which of the "Williams" had been elected, and as soon as the good-night message was ticked out to us we folded our tents and stole away.

When I got home that night I was much afraid lest Robert should want to know how the Woman's Club had received the news and if there had been much enthusiasm, and I was prepared to perpetrate one of those evasive, airy little nothings which some one cleverly styles as "trying to hide in a fog," but luckily he was so jubilant over our State Legislature going so overwhelmingly Republican that he forgot the club, and his attention was still further distracted by the telegrams that poured in to us from all over the country. One of them was an enthusiastic congratulation to me from Senator P——.

As soon as we could practicably arrange matters after the election, Robert and I came here to Washington, where we are once more established in our own house. Robert is awaiting the opening of Congress and I am awaiting, anxiously, the return of my chef, Jules, from Europe, whither he went this summer. It is a curious commentary on the times in which we live that our cooks can go to Europe to spend the summer, though, as Jules put it, it did not seem unreasonable or extraordinary in his case.

"You see, Madame, I haf my art to keep in ze mind, an' in zis country here you haf no cooking, only ze food in ze raw. I must go to Paris to learn some new sauce."

And go he did. I verily believe that Jules might prove to be like Vatel, the great cook who is said to have killed himself because the lobster for his turbot sauce did not arrive in time at the banquet of Chantilly, given by Condé to the King.

Nothing seems to be going on here in Washington, socially; not even gossip. True, there is a little ripple of fun at the expense of the Chinese Minister, who on election morning presented himself in a near-by town and begged to be allowed to see how we manage one of our great popular elections. There, all day long, this calm-eyed Celestial sat in a polling booth, eying every voter, squinting into the glass ballot-box, folding and unfolding the sample ballot which had been given to him to examine, and asking questions galore. The whole proceeding was something not dreamed of in Chinese philosophy, and the Honorable Wu Ting Fang, in his astonishment, pushed his cup quite awry.

Robert says that although the District of Columbia takes no part in an election, he has never seen a people more wrought up over politics than here in these sixty square miles. Even the bootblacks are keen politicians, and the grievances of these District people are several and deep. Two of the grievances are "taxes" and "home rule." As an old Washingtonian said to us pathetically the other day, in speaking of local District offices:

"Why, Mr. Slocum, it is an outrage on the people in this section that we should always have outsiders foisted upon us. Just see how things are now. Our Postmaster is from Lockport, New York, our Superintendent of the Government Asylum for the Insane is from Ohio, our Physician in Charge of Freedmen's Hospital is from Chicago, our District Attorney is from Ohio, our Marshal is from Newport, Rhode Island, our Register of Wills is from Maryland, our Sealer of Weights and Measures is from Ohio, our Recorder of Deeds is from North Carolina, and there are many more besides—too many to count. We hope, now that the President has no political future to consider, he can see his way to do something for our own people in the matter of these offices."

"I sincerely hope so," said Robert; "but, you see, the Administration may be hampered even if it has not a political future to consider, for political debts often hang in mid-air like Mohammed's coffin, and dangle before the eyes of the Executive continually, and they have to be paid. Now, if the District of Columbia had a vote——"

"Oh, yes; a vote would change the complexion of things mightily; but we have no vote, nor a voice in anything whatsoever. We have Congress and three City Fathers who do our thinking for us, who tax us, and then scold us when we don't like it. Talk about government without consent of the governed! Why, the poor Filipino is far better off than the poor Washingtonian, for we cannot even get away from the sight and sound of our rulers, and those poor devils over there at least have the globe between them and yonder 'Cave of the Winds,'" and he waved his hand toward the Capitol.

Robert laughed out delightedly at this expressive and striking bit of slang.

"You forget that I am a member of the 'Cave of the Winds' myself," said he; then he added:

"But the District has plenty of warm friends in both House and Senate, and with many of them owning property here it ought to be easy to get anything that the District wants."

"Not so easy as you think. In the early history of the District it took years to get an unsightly row of poplar trees removed from Pennsylvania Avenue, and tallow dips could not be abolished in the White House until they threatened to become a menace in a campaign, and our Potomac Flats were twenty years or more in being reclaimed, and the bill to put the reform in motion was not passed until nearly the whole House of Representatives was down with fever and ague," said our old Washingtonian with vim.

"Well," said I, "Congress ought to authorize a new Executive Mansion, for a more inconvenient, dreary abode I was never in. Its first mistress, Abigail Adams, wrote that it was built upon a grand and superb scale," but that was because the rest of Washington in that day was only like a squatters' camp."

"Yes," chimed in Robert, "and the official part of the house is ridiculously inadequate. Why, I had to sit to-day in that dingy, dark, upper corridor, just outside the President's office, to——"

"Did you see the President? I did not know you were going to the White House," I said. Instantly my interest was aroused.

"Yes, I saw the President. After two hours of waiting I had two minutes of interview."

"How was he looking?"

"About as well as he could be expected to look after conducting a successful campaign all through one of the most

---

Editor's Note—These Letters from a Congressman's Wife will continue to appear weekly in The Saturday Evening Post.

scorching summers on record. The poor man had a pretty hard day of it to-day, and I suppose it was only an average day, too. He received the entire Supreme Court, who made their annual call on him in a body. After that ceremony was over a new sprig of a Minister from a foreign country presented his credentials. After this came an Indian college team who wrung the Executive's hand until I thought he'd be lamed for life, and not content with that, they gave him their war-whoop as a parting send-off. After this he had to hear several verses read by a visiting delegation of seminary girls. After that he went outside the mansion to review the local fire brigade. And worse than all, when that was over he had to listen with seeming interest to all the reasons ascribed by various soreheaded statesmen for the losing of their jobs. I was sorry for the Executive. He is a clear case of one who is 'servanted to others,' and I was glad that I was not one of the soreheads seeking to pour out my grievances."

Robert and I smiled benignly at each other. We were each thinking of the seven hundred feet or so which Robert would traverse next fourth of March—from the door of the House of Representatives to the door of the Senate Chamber.

"Jacky" at Church

By C. A. McAllister

United States Revenue Cutter Service

FEW people ever associate the ordinary "Jack Tar" of the Navy with matters religious, on account of his traditional ungodliness and his general tendency to carelessness of habits. Nevertheless, there are in the United States Navy to-day many enlisted men who have religious proclivities, and still others who are consistent followers of the divine teachings.

To aid "Jacky" in his devotions, the Government has provided a corps of chaplains, or "sky pilots," as they are known in the vernacular of the followers of the deep, consisting of twenty-five divines, representing the various religious denominations. These are assigned to duty, principally, at the navy yards, on flagships, or on the training-ships. Their duties, as prescribed by the Naval regulations, are "to perform divine service and offer prayers on board ship at such time as the captain may direct; to form voluntary classes for religious instruction; to visit the sick and supervise the instruction of boys who may need to be taught the elementary principles of reading, writing, arithmetic and geography."

The salaries paid chaplains are far above the average remuneration of ministers on shore. When first appointed they receive $2500 at sea and $2000 on shore duty. After five years' service they are paid $2800 at sea and $2300 on shore duty. Taking into consideration the fact that these officers can be retired on three-quarters of their sea pay at the age of sixty-two, a naval chaplaincy is not to be despised from a financial point of view.

In addition to their regular duties, chaplains frequently give courses of lectures on American history, or on other subjects which may interest the sailor mind. Some chaplains of athletic tendencies organize various games and encourage the men to take part in them. The personality of the chaplain has much to do with the degree of his popularity among the men. Some are cordially despised, while others are held in high esteem. The best test of the chaplain's personal popularity among the enlisted men is the attendance at Sunday morning services. Such attendance is entirely voluntary, except in the case of naval apprentices; and, whereas many chaplains have large audiences, others in the service can scarcely muster a corporal's guard.

Impressive Services Out at Sea

These services are at times very impressive, especially at sea. Immediately after the usual Sunday morning muster the word is passed by the officer of the deck to "spread church gear." In a very short space of time there will appear, on the port side of the quarterdeck, rows of mess benches, a portable pulpit, and chairs for the officers. In rough weather the pulpit is lashed to the deck, usually in or near one of the gun sponsons. The benches for the men are usually forward of the pulpit, and the officers' chairs aft.

Silence is ordered throughout the ship, and the church flag is hoisted above the national ensign, this being the only flag that can be given that position. Usually, on a flagship, a string orchestra is selected from the members of the ship's band to play accompaniments to the hymns. All join, with fine effect, in the singing. The absence of female voices is scarcely noticeable, as the deep bassos of the seamen are mellowed by the soprano voices of many of the apprentice boys. To hear a chorus of two or three hundred men and boys singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, or a like stirring hymn, out at sea, hundreds of miles from any land, where the only other sounds are the dull reverberations from the engine-room and the splashing of the billows against the sides of the ship; to watch the earnest singers as they stand "togged out" in their best uniforms and swaying from side to side with the heaving of the great vessel; to observe the serious looks on their faces, and to realize, in common with them, what an insignificant speck the ship really is on the vast expanse of the ocean, all form an experience which must be undergone to be appreciated.

Preaching under such circumstances is far different from this exercise on shore. The chaplain, standing at the pulpit, must brace himself and hold on with one hand, while he gesticulates with the other. Occasionally an unlooked-for baptism breaks in on the service as an unusually high wave, striking the side of the vessel, throws spray over the assemblage. During the sermon "Jacky" hangs on to a bench, and usually pays strict attention to what is being said. The poor little apprentices, whose attendance is compulsory, are put in the front rows, where they are under the constant surveillance of the officer of the deck. Like all other boys, they look upon the proceedings as a kind of bore, with the exception of the singing, into which they enter with great vim and evident enjoyment. The fact that no "collection" is taken up is also pleasing to them. During the time that divine services are being held the utmost order reigns throughout the ship, as the Navy regulations provide very severe punishment for any disturbance. Smoking is not allowed in any part of the ship while services are going on.

A Suspicious Outburst of Piety

Occasionally "Jacky" uses religion to accomplish his own ends, especially in the matter of obtaining liberty, when he knows that the captain or the executive officer is a religious man. The sanctimonious expression which he can put on when he comes to the mast to ask special liberty for the purpose of attending church on shore is worthy of a monk in a cloister. An amusing incident occurred not long ago at the Mare Island Navy Yard, wherein "Jacky" got the worst of it. The flagship of the Pacific station was at the yard undergoing repairs, and, as usual, Sunday services were to be held. A number of "shellbacks" on the receiving ship thought that if they could obtain permission to attend church on the flagship they could cut the service and spend the time spinning yarns with some of their old shipmates. Accordingly a party of thirty obtained the necessary permission, and marched up to where the flagship was lying. Arriving at the gangway the petty officer in charge of the party presented the note to the officer of the deck stating that they had been granted permission to attend services. They were, of course, allowed to come on board, and as it was not quite church-time they immediately started to go forward among their brother tars. In this they were foiled by the officer of the deck who, suspicious regarding this sudden outbreak of piety, ordered them to take seats on the church benches and await the services. A more disgusted and disappointed-looking lot of men than those who formed part of that congregation would have been hard to find. There they had to sit until the benediction had been pronounced, when they were immediately sent back to their ship without having swapped a single yarn with their fellows.

In addition to the regular services conducted by the chaplain, frequent opportunities are given to various religious bodies on shore to hold services aboard ship. Christian Endeavor Societies at the various seaports hold evening services on the berth-deck, sometimes as often as twice a week. On such occasions they generally use a small portable organ which they take with them.

Taking it all in all, the "Jacky" of to-day is far superior to his type of some years ago, and although he will never be perfect, he will compare favorably with the average man on shore in his religious attainments.

A Ballad of Kinsmen. *By* Richard Burton

APIA BAY wears a smooth, bright face
When the tropic winds are low,
But the harbor curve is a fearsome place
When the great winds rise and blow.

'Tis perilous for barks to ride
At anchor, when the surge
Comes thundering in from the sea outside
And foams on the rocky verge.

From the Western States three ships were there,
And one from the English Isle;
They came when the skies were bland and fair
And the ocean ways a smile.

But the fierce storm smote them, till they tossed
Like chips 'twixt sea and sky;
And two of the ships of the States were lost
And the other drifted nigh

The coral reefs, to death; but saw
The sturdy English ship
Out from the harbor's seething maw
Toward open water slip.

And sore they yearned to follow her
Beyond the barrier foam,
To swap their coral sepulchre
For the sea-leagues leading home;

But the ill-starred Trenton could not sail
Nor steam; with beams aburst,
A helpless hulk before the gale
She staggered toward the Worst.

Yet, as the English, inch by inch,
Away from the shallows drew,
The boys of the States, they did not flinch,
For they cheered the other crew.

Yea, never a soul showed craven then,
Though their fate was plain to see;
The doomed men waved to the luckier men
And gave them three times three.

Three times three, and the cheer rang high
Above the wind and the wave,
As the English ship strained safely by,
And the other on to her grave!

Oh, blood will tell, they were kinsmen all!
Give the gallant lads a place
On the good high-seats of the heroes' hall,
To kindle our common race!

How Sarah Bernhardt Became L'Aiglon

By Vance Thompson

THE actress is somewhat like the piano-player. After the difficult technique of the art is acquired, playing a part—like playing an *étude* of Chopin—is largely a matter of victorious, personal assertion. A man must serve his time at every trade, as some one else said sometime ago. Always Demosthenes must chew pebbles before he can make his great stump-speech against Philip; always the graver must get expertness of hand before he attains the magnificent artistic height of making a bank-note. (It is a pretty thing, the bank-note; in all countries the most beautiful work of art.) It was long ago that Madame Sarah Bernhardt learned all the secrets of her mobile art: how to translate emotions into action; how to recreate a life that is long dead; how to make speech silver—this technique Madame Sarah has at her finger-ends.

It may be said without the slightest exaggeration that she has summed up the life of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The women she has created! Tragic, frivolous, patient, defiant—they are the types of those unquiet twenty-five years. I like to think that she belongs in part to the twentieth century. Indeed, her L'Aiglon proves it, and her Hamlet. She has foreseen that the woman of the future will be a composite of the good qualities of both man and woman. In these slim effigies of the Prince of Denmark and the King of Rome she forecasts what the feminists preach. This by the way.

Building up the Eaglet's Personality

When with all her magnificent technique she confronted the problem of playing a man's part she felt that ordinary methods of study would not do. The author could give her only the verses and his man's idea of what this sad little king should be. She must create him—in his walk and talk, his way of life, his boyish reality. Once, it is true, she had played the part of a boyish lover in Coppée's Le Passant, but that was not real—merely a moonlit poem of Italy. The son of Napoleon—ah, that was different! He must be not only a man, but a little more than man, for not only was he the Eagle's son but, as well, his tragic life lifted him above the common man. To make herself the King of Rome—this was her problem. She must merge her own strange personality in his. A hard task. I asked her to tell the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST how she did it. Before reading this curious psychological study you would like, I am sure, to enter for a moment her fantastic home in the Boulevard Péreire. Of all men and of all women Madame Sarah is the most indefatigable. It was one o'clock in the morning; the curtain had just fallen on L'Aiglon; and Madame Sarah said: "I wish I could sit down now and write what you want, but you see——"

With a quick gesture she indicated the three maids who were bustling about her dressing-room. "It would be impossible; and then I have friends to supper to-night," she added; "but to-morrow morning—not too early—say at ten o'clock."

The Boulevard Péreire is long and wide and dreary, and disfigured in the middle by a railway tunnel. Madame Sarah's house is on the north side; the number is 56. A flunky, in his shirt-sleeves and a red waistcoat, is polishing the brass knobs of the door. You pass him and enter the hall. Beyond is the courtyard, where Madame Sarah used to keep her tiger. Now the groom is rubbing down a sweaty saddle-horse there. The hall is hung with horns and hides of wild game. It is a part of the Frenchman's religion to believe that Madame Sarah killed them all. At the side of the hall a pair of steps goes up to the main door of the house. You pull a huge iron chain that hangs there and a fat butler comes at your ring.

Madame Sarah will receive you. She has come back from her morning canter in the Bois, and is at work in the library. You say to yourself:

"What a woman! Played until one o'clock, supped with friends, slept five hours, rode out after breakfast for an hour, and now, at ten o'clock, has already dispatched an hour's business."

The Actress in Her Home in Paris

You wait in one of the salons. The big salon in front is draped in chilly white linen, for Madame Sarah is putting her house in order for her absence in America. The back salon is half a studio. Everywhere are pictures and statues, old rugs and rare books; everywhere horns, hides and tusks of wild beasts; everywhere souvenirs of her glorious career. In the place of honor is one of Madame Sarah's own paintings—a picture of a small boy in black velvet, playing with a huge Russian deerhound—admirably done, too, for Madame Sarah had more than one talent to face the world with. It is a picture of her son Maurice, when he was a small boy and had not yet married a Polish Countess. Then the actress comes. You notice how young she looks. Boyish, yellow curls cluster round her head. Her eyes are bright and smiling. She wears a sort of morning-gown which is the color of reddening autumn leaves. It rustles as she walks and trails behind her, yards upon yards of that reddish silk spreading across the floor. You have never seen anything quite like that and it interests you. Perhaps the Babes in the Wood looked that way when the robins fled, after covering them with autumnal leaves. All the red stuff billows and rustles as Madame Sarah sinks into a big-armed mediæval chair. "And now," she says.

You and Madame Sarah are not altogether strangers; indeed once upon a time, half a dozen years ago, you collaborated in a little Christmas story; so you come quite briskly to the point.

"How I prepared L'Aiglon? *Mais, songez donc*, it is all a history. And long, but dream how long it is! And think what a task it is! But wait. I will call Monsieur Pitou, my secretary."

"Monsieur Pitou is an amiable young man," you say in reply; "none more accomplished, I know; but if there must be collaboration—permit me—we have collaborated before."

"Capital," returned Madame Sarah decisively; "and now to work."

A thoughtful look settled on her mobile face; her forehead leaning on one slim hand, she had the air and pose of one who creates literature. From some dim corner there came a rusty-colored, tailless animal; it had a long snout like an anteater and wicked little eyes; it was a Siamese cat and quite big enough to have been Siamese twins; it climbed on Madame Sarah's lap, sheathed its nasty claws and fell asleep, breathing hard. For a little while silence.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON

Then, before she began to dictate, she showed me a little shoe. Broidered white satin, faded a bit now and tarnished, it lies under a glass case in Madame Sarah's salon in the Boulevard Péreire. Of all Napoleon's empire there are left only a poem and a baby's shoe. And that fact is worth a passing thought.

Creating the Part of the King of Rome

HOW I created L'Aiglon? *Mais songez donc*, I had to make myself Napoleon's son. Always I must convince myself first. If I do not I cannot convince the public. And so I had to make that life—so complex and sad and heroic, so great in its failure—that life of the King of Rome I had to make mine. The first problem was to know the environment in which this young Prince lived and died. And so I went to the castle of Schoenbrunn. It is now the favorite residence of the Emperor of Austria, Marie Therese lived there and many another, but it is haunted above all by Napoleon's memories. It was thence the great Emperor set out for the battle of Austerlitz. There the Duke of Reichstadt passed almost all his life, a prisoner mocked with the pretense of liberty. M. Rostand accompanied me on this visit. Together we visited the battlefield of Wagram—at night as in the fourth act—and it was there for the first time that I began to understand the soul of the Eagle's son. As he I seemed to see the dead rise and the old glory of the Emperor waken. The bed where Napoleon slept—the bed where his son died—the huge chamber, the walls and tapestries—all seemed to speak something of the lives they had known. I look upon the days and nights spent there among the Austrian scenes of the Duke of Reichstadt's career as having given me the psychological foundation for the rôle. It was something more than history that spoke. M. Rostand felt it as well as I. When I left Austria I knew the King of Rome. He was as real to me as my own breath. Day and night he seemed to be creeping more and more into my own being.

A Wild Night Ride with the Eaglet

Then the thing was to express it—to make myself, in walk and gesture and word, not Sarah Bernhardt, but the Duke of Reichstadt, son of the Eagle.

I had all his costumes here in the house. For three months I wore them, every moment when I was not on the stage or in the street. And think, then—my secretary, my friends, my maids, all my servants had instructions to treat me as though I were really the Duke of Reichstadt. I went to breakfast with cloak and sword, and the butler would say, "Your Highness is served." And so for three months. When I awoke in the morning I saw this white costume of the young Prince, his sword and boots. At once I was not Sarah Bernhardt; I was back in that gloomy chamber in Schoenbrunn. For those three months, before the first night of L'Aiglon, I lived more the life of M. Rostand's hero than I did my own. One night—this was in Versailles—I rode out booted and spurred, cloaked and armed with a sword; that night I felt as he must have felt the night of his flight. It was a trifle awkward at first, for the sword frightened my horse, but we had a wild ride, mile after mile, through the night—I say we, because that night Napoleon's son and I rode together.

The Luck in L'Aiglon's Baby Shoe

I had learned to walk and talk as he must have done. I thought as he must have thought. Really, during those three months I could not attend to my business affairs. I am quite sure I was not myself—I was that poor boy, dying, an exile, in far-away Austria. I think, too, my face had grown a little like his. Only the hair was wrong—it was too red and, of course, too long. I tried at least twenty wigs. None of them gave me the look of the Eagle's son. He had the blond hair of his mother's race. It was soft, abundant and golden. No wigs could copy it. And so at last I brought myself to it—it is never easy for a woman to sacrifice her hair—and had my hair cut to the right fashion. Then the question of toning it to just the right shade—I have a lock of the Eaglet's hair, faded now, but golden still—was only a question of the coiffeur's art.

That was all; I lived the Duke of Reichstadt's life until it became part of me—and then I could portray it. What else is art? We create for ourselves in order that we may portray for the public. If I had not made the Eaglet live in my heart and mind first he would never have been real for the public.

One thing more; I have a shoe—a baby shoe—of Napoleon's son. He wore it when, in his cradle, he was crowned King of Rome. It was given to me by the Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, who had it from his grandmother, a maid of honor to the Empress. I am not superstitious, but the first night of the play I carried it when I went on the stage. I wore it against my heart. The little relic did more than bring me good luck. It made me forget for that one night, at least, that I was not in reality the Eagle's son, but only his intrepreter, the actress,

SARAH BERNHARDT.

An American Who Would be King

KINGS are not quoted very high on the European market. There are quite a number of them knocking about Paris. But an American King is worth talking about. Now, if Mr. Charles Rion, of New York, is not really a king, he must be that long-looked-for American novelist. He is a calm and reasonable young man of about thirty, a son of the late Colonel Charles Rion, U. S. A. He thinks he is King of France. Not only that, the New Review and the other heavy-shotted periodicals have taken up his cause. He has some documents and a number of cryptic medals to back up his case. You shall hear.

It is pretty well established now that after Louis XVI was guillotined his little son managed to escape from the Temple where he was confined. The child who took his place was Louis Alois. The true dauphin was confided to the care of a Scotch advocate named Oakes. He brought this child up in Canada under the name of De Rion. Here the story begins to take on Dumaslike proportions, but the historical basis is sound.

A sum of $3,000,000 in gold, which had once been destined for Charles Edward Stuart, had been hid by the Royal family in the wall of a military hospital at Haguenau in Alsace. This was known to the young De Rion, to his guardian, the Comte D'Artois, who was afterward Charles X, and to the Duc de Berry. The night of June 8, 1805, these three met at the old tower of the hospital of Haguenau. They hacked away with their picks, opened the hiding-place and found—a treatise on philosophy. There was a lively quarrel, in the course of which De Berry ran the young De Rion—he who was Louis XVII—through with his sword. This king left a son, Colonel Charles Rion, who died in 1887, and who was the father of the present claimant.

Think what old Dumas would have done with that story! Escapes and hidden gold, treachery and sword-play—and then the calm young man, matter-of-fact as a commercial traveler, coming over from New York to substantiate his claim to royal blood—it's a novel made to your hand. In fact it would write itself.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

More Troops for the Philippines

Two thousand regulars are now on the ocean bound for Manila. Of the American troops sent to China about four thousand will be returned to General MacArthur, some of them already having been transferred. Recently he has had about 63,000 men, so that the American force in the Philippines will soon be in the neighborhood of 70,000.

Of these about 30,000 are volunteers, and under the terms of their enlistment they are to be mustered out in the United States by June 30, 1901. In order that this may be done the homeward movement will have to be begun by the first of January and continued until all the volunteers are returned. This may be changed by an act of Congress directing them to be mustered out in the Philippines and subsequently transported to the United States.

But in any event the force in the Philippines faces a grave situation. The other day, of 650 men at Columbus, Ohio, ordered to the Philippines, 100 deserted the night before the troops were to start.

The work that the men have to do in the Philippines is not the kind the soldiers like. It is more police duty than anything else, and the fighting is mainly the hunting of guerrillas. There is an ever-present fear of assassination, and the strain tells heavily. The latest official report states that the average death rate, per day, among the American troops is 4.7.

General MacArthur's sixty-odd thousand troops are scattered among over four hundred military stations, and so thin are many of his lines that the men are not always able to hold their own. Towns have been occupied and then abandoned because of the lack of troops, and some of the large centres are not now garrisoned from the same cause.

That this country is in the Philippines for at least a generation seems certain. "For many years to come the necessity of a large American military and naval force is too apparent to admit of discussion," says General MacArthur.

Thus it is that in the short session of Congress provision will have to be made for the increase of the regular army so that the Americans may hold what they now possess in the Philippines. General Miles wants 85,000 men, while the War Department is credited with wishing for a minimum of 100,000 men, and an increase of the marine corps to 20,000 men.

The expense will, of course, be enormous. The Philippines are costing us in the neighborhood of $115,000,000 a year.

The Work in Civil Government

Last spring President McKinley appointed Hon. W. H. Taft, of Ohio; Dr. Dean C. Worcester, of Michigan; Mr. L. I. Wright, of Tennessee; Judge H. C. Ide, of Vermont, and Mr. Bernard Moses, of California, commissioners to the Philippines to continue and perfect the work of organizing and establishing civil government already announced by the military authorities. On the first of September the legislative part of the government of the Philippines was transferred from General MacArthur, the military governor of the islands, to this Commission, and since then it has been exercising this authority, which extends, of course, to the customs, the revenues, the expenditures of public funds, civil service, courts, departmental governments and other parts of a regular civil establishment. In this they had the cooperation of the military. "It is conceded," said the President, "that the transfer of authority from military commanders to civil officers will be gradual and will occupy a considerable period."

The Commission began its work carefully. To each member certain topics and inquiries were assigned, these covering the whole scope of civil administration.

In many of the towns the commissioners found that the military authorities had established effective civil governments that lasted well so long as the American troops were there to protect them. For instance, Captain Betts, who was in command at Tabaco, operated a civil government, and this is the way he paid for it all: "In the first place, I cleaned the city and built the market house with native prisoners. The rent on the market houses and market spaces, together with fines, pays my police force. I have placed a tax on cock fights and on the games at the Casino, and this more than supports my schools. I require every house to hang a light outside the door and this lights my streets—so there you are."

This, of course, will be changed by the Taft Commission, which will place, so far as is possible, the whole administration in the hands of the voters.

The Most Rigid Civil Service Law

One of the first things done by the commissioners was to enact a new civil service law similar to the Civil Service Law of the United States, but much more rigid and not officially connected with it. It is the most absolute merit system in the world. "Appointees from the United States to positions in the Philippine service will have to pass examinations in the regular way at the commands of the United States Civil Service Commission. Both here and in the Philippines a rigid physical examination will be required of all applicants, who will not be eligible to the lowest rank if less than eighteen or more than forty years of age."

As the Philippine service is bound to attract thousands of young men, it is well to remember this fact. And a further matter of interest is that the University of Pennsylvania has arranged a special course adapted to the colonial public service of the Philippines.

The commissioners announce that they are united in the maintenance of a strict civil service law, so that a man entering the service as a clerk, by faithful work, may become the head of a bureau or the under-secretary of a department.

The Increase in Revenues and Trade

The commissioners report that business is improving and that in some sections the crops planted are the largest for years. They have already appropriated $2,000,000 for roads and bridges, $5000 for the survey of a new railroad, $5400 for education, $2,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor at Manila, and $287,000 for the benefit of insular government during September, and the commissioners also have devoted $1500 to the widow of the Filipino president of a town who was assassinated by the insurgents; this is to show that the United States will protect its friends and servants. All these sums are in Mexican money.

The revenues of the islands have almost doubled since last year. They are approaching a total of between eight and nine million dollars a year. This sum will be increased when the new tariff is put into effect. The schedule is now under way, but it will probably not become a law until some time next year. It will greatly increase the American trade, and will also give a larger income and thus enable more improvements to be made.

The articles which leave our ports for Manila range from pins and needles to typewriters and steam engines; from pots and kettles to stoves and automobiles.

The Filipino's Greatest Need

It is generally conceded that in order to tame and conquer the Filipino we must educate him. Education is the greatest need of the islands to-day, and is so recognized by all intelligent observers whether in military or civil life. Fortunately the Filipino is as anxious for education as the Americans are to educate him. Thus it is said that wherever American authority extends a public schoolhouse has been established; in other words, the schoolhouse has followed the flag.

Already there are nearly fifty schools in Manila, and these comprise not only the common grade schools, but a high school for academic work, and a training school for teachers. Mr. F. W. Atkinson, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, is from New England, and is an experienced teacher. He has asked for $1,500,000, gold, for public education. The commission has taken steps to select desirable natives and fit them for the civil service by educating them in the United States. The principal colleges were sounded upon this by Mr. Procter, the President of the Civil Service Commission at Washington, and almost without exception they replied favorably. Yale University voted to give free tuition to five Filipinos "of exceptional fitness and high character" to be chosen by Judge Taft, of the Philippine Commission. Other colleges will do the same.

Teachers for the Natives

Of course the education in the islands cannot be delayed until these natives finish their college course. Some weeks ago it was announced that Professor Atkinson, through the National Educational Association, had asked for Normal graduates on the following terms: primary grammar grade teachers, $75 to $100 per month on three-year contracts; superintendents, $2000 and $2500 per year, the expenses to Manila in all cases to be paid. The result was rather astonishing. Thousands were willing to accept. It was subsequently developed that the letter was only an inquiry, and it was officially announced that the Commission at Manila will consider applications on these terms when accompanied with proper testimonials. The threatened rush of educators across the Pacific was checked, but there is still an opening for teachers in that part of the world.

In addition to the school work there is already an American library at Manila with 10,000 books and 20,000 magazines, and it is increasing all the time through gifts and purchases. A movement is on foot to make the library a part of the work of the Commission.

Civil Work and War Go on Together

Another agency of education is the postal service, and it is a source of satisfaction—especially in view of the recollections of Cuba—that the finances have been administered honestly, and that the year ended in a handsome surplus. It is easy to mail a letter in Luzon and to get an answer promptly. The statement is made, however, that the natives write very few letters and that the service is mainly used by the Americans. But the new régime will educate them into a daily acquaintance with postal stamps.

In the meanwhile the war drags sadly on. The Filipino representatives continue to ask one of three things: "First, complete independence; second, a definite promise of independence; third, a declaration of policy by the Administration placing the Philippines in a similar position to Cuba." But there is little likelihood of any of these demands being granted. It is pointed out that of eighty-four tribes we are really at war with only one, although one or two of the others may be assisting, and that nothing but complete submission to American authority can be considered. Thus the war continues.

MR. F. W. ATKINSON

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GENERAL MacARTHUR

JUDGE HENRY C. IDE

He found her in the upper hall sitting in a dim corner

On Piety, Between Music and Love.

By M. E. M. Davis

"THAT épergne, now," remarked Mr. Julius Kemper, the host of the small but brilliant dinner party, "belonged to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the French Quarter. It graced their table at the first formal dinner party I ever attended. That was the winter after I came home from the university—*fifty years ago.* By Jove, Garland, *my boy, we are getting on in years!*" And the portly old gentleman winked pleasantly over the brim of his glass at the elder Garland, seated on Mrs. Kemper's right. "I remember as if it were yesterday how it looked, filled with roses and towering almost to the ceiling. I got a crick in my neck trying to see the débutante daughter of the house behind it, on the opposite side of the table. That was before your time, *my love.*" Mr. Kemper bowed with courtly grace to his stately, white-haired spouse. "Ah, but she was adorable, that girl! with her big, soft eyes, her red lips and her fascinating Creole lisp. Heigho! I saw her just the other day, coming out of a pawnshop in Royal Street, creeping, faded, bent and old, in her shabby mourning. And I bought the épergne from the pawnbroker for a song. A mere song, sir! No such cut glass made nowadays, I can tell you! Look at the pattern of it, Garland. Makes your mouth water, eh, Ras?"

"It seems almost like a sacrilege, does it not?" said the younger Garland in an undertone to his neighbor.

"I don't see why," returned Miss Lawler, opening wide her fine blue eyes. "I think the thing is simply hideous: looks like the Tower of Babel! I wouldn't have it at any price. Doubtless the widow—of course she is a widow with ten small children!—was glad enough to get the money."

Young Garland drew back with a slight feeling of discomfort. His uncle had arisen and was bending forward examining the épergne with the greedy eyes of a collector.

"I envy you, Julius, on my word I do," sighed Mr. Erasmus Garland, sinking back into his chair.

"I knew you would," exulted Mr. Kemper. "Did I not tell you, my love, that Garland would appreciate that centrepiece? And observe these decanters, Ras. Lift one of 'em, will you? Half a ton each, shouldn't you say? And they are worth their weight in gold. They have a history to boot. I got them at a private sale. They were the property of——"

Mr. Kemper was fairly astride of his favorite hobby: his old college chum lost no time in mounting behind him, and they galloped madly away into that rose-colored region known only to connoisseurs. Young Garland followed their course for a moment; then he fell into a reverie through which he heard, as in a dream, Miss Lawler's high-bred, even voice in discussion with her hostess over the latest "society" novel. "Poor, shabby old aristocrat!" he muttered, fixing his eyes on the lofty épergne, and seeing in fancy above the rose-filled bowl a pinched and wistful face. "I drink to the débutante that you were—and to the struggling soul that you are."

He was brought back to himself by a blow on the table from Mr. Kemper's excited fist. The table trembled; its load of silver and cut glass jingled.

"Julius!" remonstrated the hostess.

"I beg pardon, my love," rejoined the host, "but whenever I think of that goblet I——"

"What goblet?" demanded Mr. Erasmus Garland eagerly.

"The goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac," replied Mr. Kemper, his voice lingering unctuously over the syllables. "Monsieur de Ruffignac," he continued, "was the mayor of this city in the early twenties. I do not know what sort of a mayor he made: a good one, I fancy, for tradition says that he had excellent taste in cut glass. But the thing which made him famous and has preserved his memory was a drink that he invented. I'll make you a ruffignac after dinner. Ras, it is like liquid sunshine—a ruffignac! Well, the goblet in which Monsieur de Ruffignac is known—mind you, known—to have mixed that divine concoction is still in existence. It matches my decanters. I would sell my soul for that goblet."

"Oh, Julius!"

"I would, my love. By Jove, I would! So would Ras if he once saw it. It belongs to the only direct descendant of Monsieur le Maire de Ruffignac—a Mademoiselle de Ruffignac."

"Ah," breathed Ellwood; "Mademoiselle, eh? Young?"

"Oh, no; somewhere about eighty, I should say, judging from her appearance. Poverty-stricken, of course, though she continues to live in the old Ruffignac mansion, which is stuffed to repletion with priceless mahogany, rosewood and buhl. She will show you the goblet, Ras, if you care to see it. Naturally she is very proud of it, and she guards it like a dragon. I'll give you a note of introduction. I shall not offer to present you in person, for I am sure she thinks I want to steal that goblet. She is right: I do; and I would if I could."

Again Mr. Kemper pounded the table with his fist, again the crystal jingled, again Mrs. Kemper remonstrated, and again he apologized.

"Wait a little," suggested Miss Lawler quietly, "and you can deal with the pawnbroker."

"Or the undertaker," added Ellwood laughing.

"I am sure of it," assented Mr. Kemper, "but, hang it, I don't like to wait."

"I give you fair warning," cried Garland the elder, "that I will get it myself if I can, by fair means or foul."

"Ghouls!" muttered Garland the younger between his teeth.

"Where does this ancient dame live—this Keeper of the Treasure?" asked Ellwood.

"On Piety Street, between Music and Love," returned the host a little grudgingly, already reproaching himself for having been so free of tongue.

"On Piety, between Music and Love!" echoed the guests in a breath. "How odd! Are there really streets so named in this quaint old town? Is there really a Mademoiselle de Ruffignac?"

"We must go there to-morrow, Phil," said the uncle to the nephew as they threaded the narrow streets to their hotel. "I must have that goblet at any cost. Kemper is a lucky dog. Gad, what a collection! And what conceit! I'll stay here, Phil, until I get that goblet, if I have to wait until the old woman dies!"

Fortunately Philip did not hear the last sentence. Stumbling along the uneven, dim-lit banquettes, peering down shadowy corridors, divining by the elusive perfume of unknown flowers the semi-Oriental gardens lying, oasis-like, behind stolid brick walls, he had surrendered himself wholly to the vague, increasing charm of the Quarter.

"On Piety, between Music and Love," he breathed softly, following his uncle up the stairway of the old hostelry. "Is there really such a place? And is there really a Mademoiselle de Ruffignac?"

Mr. Erasmus Garland, sitting on one of the iron benches in the old *Place d'Armes* the next morning, bathed in the soft December sunshine, fumed as he kept his eyes glued to the face of the clock in the cathedral tower. Promptly as the hour hand reached ten he arose and seized his nephew by the arm. "Come, Phil, let us go!" he exclaimed.

Philip demurred a little. "Isn't it rather early for a call—on a lady—uncle?" he began.

"I'll not wait another minute, sir! Not another second!" interrupted Mr. Erasmus Garland testily. "Mademoiselle de Ruffignac can put on her best cap after we get there."

They were strangers in the city, having arrived from New York only the day before with a party which included Agnes Lawler and her mother; and it was only after boarding the wrong car several times, alighting at the most unheard-of corners, and tramping through the most out-of-the-way places, that they finally found themselves on Piety Street, actually crossing Music and approaching Love. Philip Garland's heart quickened as he lifted the heavy brass knocker on a batten gate set in a high brick wall. The grinning satyr-face on the knocker was green with a century's mold, the gate was worm-eaten, the brick wall, overtopped by gnarled branches of fig and pomegranate trees, was moss-grown. "I think I ought to say *open sesame*," laughed Philip, waiting.

"Eh, what?" returned his uncle.

After what seemed a long time the gate swung slowly inward.

"Yes, sah," admitted the small negro boy who grinned up at them. "Yes, sah. Dis is whar she lives. Des walk in."

They followed him along a flagged walk to the house—a gloomy-looking brick mansion with massive deep-set entrance door and curious, wide-arched windows. The walled close was dotted about with orange trees in huge tubs; they were loaded with golden yellow spheres that gleamed amid the dark green foliage. Philip experienced a feeling of surprise at the flooding sunshine and the brilliant geraniums a-bloom against the wall. The dim, lofty hall within and the great dark salon into which they were ushered better matched his whimsical fancy.

"Set right down, gentermen," urged their conductor hospitably, "'twel she comes." He disappeared with note and cards.

It was all one, Philip thought, with that *ancien régime* of which he had been dreaming—the hushed room; the quaint, high-backed chairs, rather divined than seen; the carved footstools; the tambour frame in the corner; the faded brocade hangings; the ponderous cabinets; the inlaid tables; the short-waisted ladies and powdered gentlemen looking down at him from the walls; the——

He started up, vaguely aware of a moving shadow near him. Had she been there when they entered? Had she glided through some mysterious panel in the wall?

"Mademoiselle de Ruffignac?" he stammered, not quite sure whether he addressed a ghost or a living woman. The tall, slight figure in the trailing robe of black velvet drew nearer; he heard her breath, which came and went tremulously. At least she was flesh and blood!

"Mademoiselle de Ruffignac," he repeated, "we wish——"

"I am myself Mademoiselle de Ruffignac—Yvonne de Ruffignac," said the young girl, lifting her head with an air of pride.

"But, but we thought—we were given to understand——" cried Mr. Erasmus Garland, who had arisen and who clung to the back of a chair for support. "Kemper told us—we were under the impression that Mademoiselle de Ruff—that you—in short, that you were an elderly—person." He continued to stare at her.

"Since a few days only I am Mademoiselle de Ruffignac," she returned, pressing her two hands to her bosom. "My great aunt, Mademoiselle Zoe Clotilde Joseph-Marie de Ruffignac, died last week. She was very old, Tante Zoe. But I never thought she would die. And now I only am left." The soft voice, with its slightly foreign accent, trailed off into silence. Philip Garland felt a curious desire to take her then and there into his arms and comfort her.

She was very young—this last of the Ruffignacs—and singularly beautiful. She was rather above medium height; her well-shaped head was crowned with a mass of black hair which grew low on a white forehead and waved about a graceful neck; her large, luminous eyes were gray—they shone like stars in the colorless oval of her face; her red lips had the pouting fullness of a child's. She seemed to hover in the semi-obscurity of the room like a vision.

There was something oddly appropriate, both men thought, about her open-necked, velvet gown, whose voluminous folds swept away from her slender waist. How could they know, being mere men, that the gown was of ancient cut and belonged to a past-and-gone period—that it had been, in fact, for half a century the robe of ceremony of the late Mademoiselle Zoe Clotilde Joseph-Marie de Ruffignac? Even had they known this, they could not have divined Yvonne de Ruffignac's reasons for donning it in her own home at eleven o'clock in the morning!

"Pray be seated, messieurs." She had seated herself in one of the high-backed chairs, looking for all the world like the *châtelaine* of some ancient castle. "You have wished to see me?" She addressed the elder Garland.

"My friend, Mr. Julius Kemper——" began Mr. Garland, confused.

"Ah, Mr. Kemper, who has written the note? I have heard Tante Zoe speak of Mr. Kemper. But I have not seen him; I have but just arrived from the convent. He has been several times to see Tante Zoe and the goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac. Is it that you also are come to see the goblet?"

Her voice had brightened.

"Yes," cried Mr. Garland, relieved; "that is why we intrude——"

"Oh, but it is not an intrusion!" interrupted Yvonne. She jumped up—a girlish motion which hardly accorded with the robe of ceremony—and ran to a rosewood cabinet whose rich carving had already caught the eye of Mr. Erasmus Garland. "It was an—how do you say?—an heir-*loom*, when it has descended to my great-great-grand*father*." She placed her accents in the quaintest way possible. As she spoke she turned the key in the glass door, and took out an inlaid box of oblong shape. Mr. Erasmus Garland held his breath while she opened the box; he quivered with envy and delight when he beheld the large goblet within. He lifted it reverently and turned it in his hands, gloating over the antique pattern cut in the heavy crystal, and smacking his lips over the recollection of the sparkling liquid sunshine which first had birth in its rounded depths.

Young Garland, to say truth, was slightly disappointed. It was too massive, he thought, for beauty; he could not see,

moreover, that it differed greatly from certain modern and quite cheap things he had seen in the shop windows at home. But he would not have expressed this opinion for the world. On the contrary, when his uncle cried ecstatically, "Beautiful! Beautiful!" and Yvonne, turning to him with a charming smile, murmured, "*N'est ce pas?*" he looked boldly into the gray eyes which fell before his glance, and echoed with almost inane rapture, "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

Mr. Garland laid the goblet back in its receptacle with a sigh, but he retained the box in his hand. Now, indeed, was the crucial moment. He fidgeted from one foot to another and looked to his nephew for help; that young gentleman in vain signaled him to keep back the proposition which was trembling on his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he blurted out at length, "the goblet, as has been said, is worth its weight in gold. Your aunt, the late Mademoiselle de Ruffignac, I know, declined to part with it. But I am most anxious to add it to my collection, which, I may say, is one of the finest in the country. Kemper's is nowhere (this under his breath); I would gladly pay a large price for it, if you——"

"Pardon, Monsieur." Yvonne drew herself up with hauteur; a cold glitter dawned into her gray eyes; her tones were icy. "The goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac is not for sale."

She took the box quietly from the collector's hand and replaced it in the cabinet.

"Good!" thought Philip, metaphorically patting her on the back; "Miss Agnes Lawler herself could not have done it better."

Mr. Erasmus Garland's genuine distress vanished under the tactful gayety of the youthful châtelaine. He sipped the greenish-yellow orange-flower syrup (made by the venerable deceased great-aunt) brought in by Aa'on, the small Buttons, and listened, smiling, to Mademoiselle Yvonne's light chatter. By the time they arose to go he had so far recovered from his momentary defeat as to be ready for another assault.

"You will come at my house again," Yvonne said, reinforcing her invitation with a smile which included both uncle and nephew. Both hearts beat more rapidly beneath their respective waistcoats, though for far different reasons.

"I'll get ahead of Kemper, dashed if I don't," declared Mr. Erasmus Garland emphatically, as they paced along Piety Street in the direction of Music. "I'll have that goblet if I have to lay siege to it for the remainder of my life. It will take time, of course, Phil, but it's worth it."

"It will take time, yes," echoed Phil, "but it is worth it."

"By love, it's worth it!" reiterated Mr. Garland. He closed his eyes, the better to see with his inward vision the gleaming, gold-rimmed treasure he so coveted. As he did so he stumbled, bringing up, so to speak, with a jerk against the corner of Music. "Ach! it has me again," he groaned ruefully. "Philip, my boy, you'll have to continue the siege."

"It" was the gout, Mr. Garland's hereditary enemy. He took to his armchair at the hotel, with his bandaged foot in a basket, and dreamed of the goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac. Philip, nothing loath, obeyed the old gentleman's orders; he made a second pilgrimage, and a third, and a fourth; in short, many daily pilgrimages to the secluded mansion on Piety between Music and Love. He was as a beneficent god to the small Aa'on, whose grin widened with each successive visit; and he fell more and more hopelessly in love with Mademoiselle Yvonne de Ruffignac. She sat day after day in her high-backed chair, her black velvet robe enveloping her fragile figure, her luminous eyes shining, and gave him back frankly, could he but have seen it with his stupid man's eyes, sympathy for sympathy, interest for interest, love for love.

Innocently unconscious of the need for a chaperon—doubtless Mademoiselle Zoe Clotilde Joseph-Marie de Ruffignac turned daily in her coffin!—she was joyous as a bird on the wing; a tinge of color crept into her pale cheeks; yet it sometimes seemed to Philip, watching her, that she grew more ethereal and wraithlike each day. One morning—the time was hard upon Christmas—there came one of those sudden changes in the weather which, for the moment, blight the Southern roses, and chill the marrow in a stranger's bones. Phil looked at the fireless grate in the musty salon, and then at the young girl in her square-necked velvet gown; he thought she shivered; certainly her lips were blue. "Do you know, Mademoiselle Yvonne," he said, "that it is cold outside? You should have a fire." She flushed painfully.

"Oh, but I am never cold. Me!" she cried. "I find it too warm. But if Monsieur——" She half arose. "No, no," he hastened to explain; "not for me; I was only thinking of you."

He imagined that her eyes filled, but of this he could not be sure, for the long-lashed lids had dropped over them.

The days drifted on. Philip, oblivious of all besides, vibrated between the hotel where his uncle chafed and fretted in his armchair, and the old house where Yvonne dwelt, remote as that Princess in her tower whose story is told in the Thousand and One Nights.

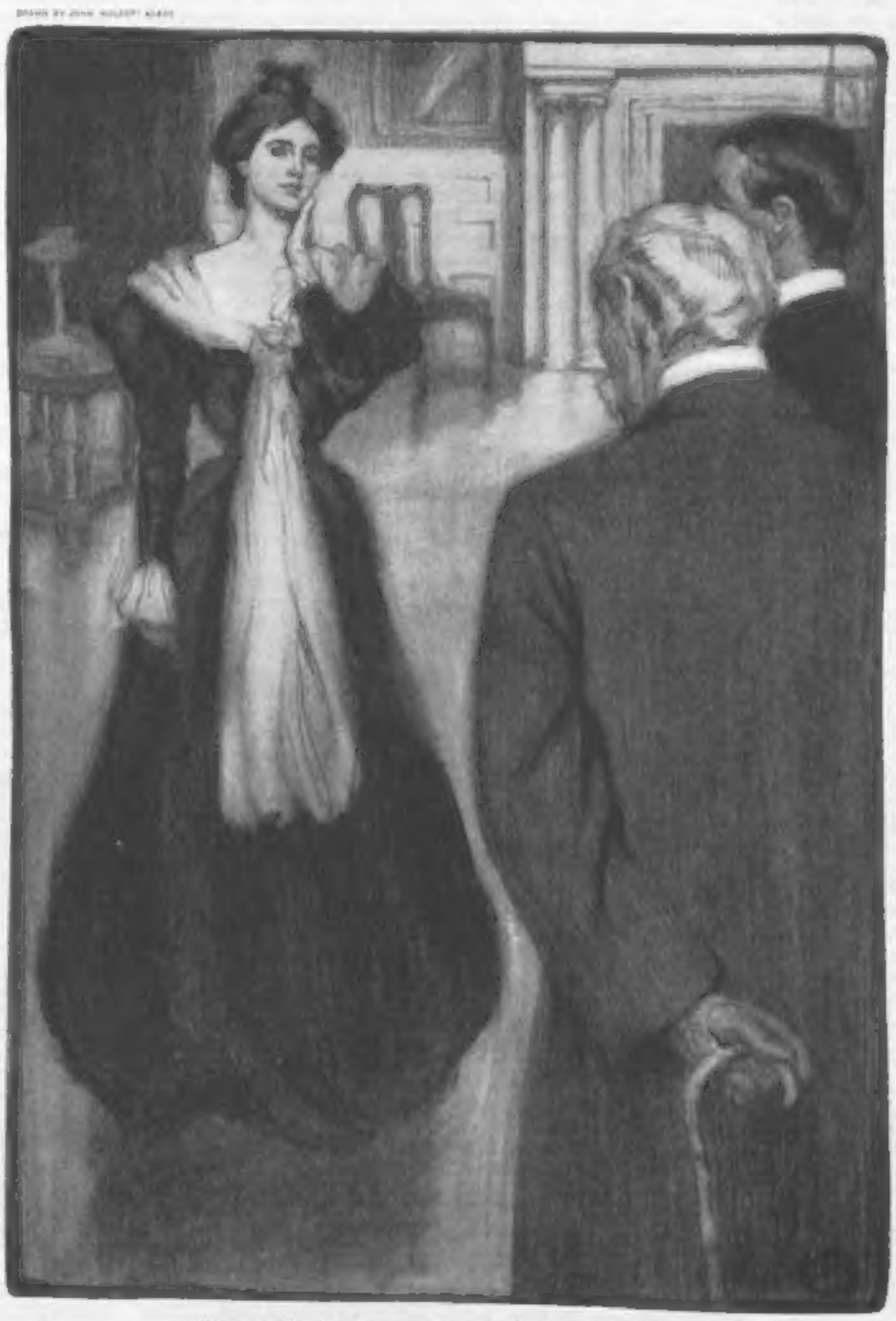
And all this time the younger Garland said never a word to Yvonne about the goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac. Nay, in her presence he quite forgot that storied heirloom. To the elder Garland's impatient, "How goes the siege?" he invariably replied, "Not badly, I think, sir." But forced into a corner one day, he was compelled to declare that in his candid opinion the goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac was quite unattainable. "It is really out of the question, uncle," he concluded; "there is no way by which it may be had. You will have to give it up, sir."

"Give it up!" roared Mr. Erasmus Garland angrily. "Never! never, sir!"

"There is a way," he added the next morning, addressing the reflection of his own elderly but well-preserved figure in the mirror. "It is a last resort, to be sure"—he paused to sigh heavily—"but I am determined to try it. I'll get even with Kemper, dashed if I don't!"

His toilet made, he descended the hotel stairway, his gouty foot still causing him to swear openly now and then. He missed Phil's strong supporting arm, but he had himself purposely sent Phil out of town for the morning on important business. He called a cab and directed the coachman to drive to—he had almost said to the goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac, but he caught himself in time and gave the proper address.

It was Christmas Eve; the cold snap had given place to balmy, flower-scented weather, and the whole of the French Quarter was out-of-doors. There was a note of preparation in the air; the tiny shop windows bulging upon the banquettes were blazing with the mingled red and yellow of firecrackers and sky-rockets; the fruit and vegetable stalls were like miniature gardens for color and greenery. Mr. Garland's heart warmed to the season; he stopped at an out-of-the-way market and bought a huge bunch of roses. He bestowed a handful of loose coin upon Aa'on, who opened the gate to



"I am myself Mademoiselle de Ruffignac," said the young girl, lifting her head with an air of pride

him; and laid the bunch of roses gallantly at Yvonne's feet. Yvonne had shrank back a little on seeing him—it was Philip's accustomed hour—but she cried out in girlish rapture over the roses. "Ah! but Monsieur is too kind! Ah, the beautiful roses! Will Monsieur be seated?"

Monsieur would not be seated. It was not his way to beat about the bush. He glanced furtively at the cabinet where the goblet reposed in its inlaid box, steadied himself on his well foot, and cleared his throat.

"Mademoiselle de Ruffignac," he began in the formal tone of one prefacing a business transaction, "I have come to ask for the honor of your hand in marriage——"

Yvonne's white cheeks became whiter; then they flamed scarlet. "Philip!" she gasped within herself. "He is come to propose Philip for my——"

"My nephew," continued Mr. Garland, "is about to enter into the bonds of matrimony with Miss Agnes Lawler, an heiress of great beauty and intelligence." Mr. Garland ardently desired this, therefore he believed it. "He will not, under these circumstances, need the fortune which it has been my intention to leave him at my death. Hence I feel at liberty to make arrangements for my own—ahem, hm, hm—happiness. I hope, my dear young lady, you will consent to become—ahem, hm, hm—my wife——"

"It is for himself! He is asking me to marry himself, the horrible old man! Oh, Philip! Philip!" Yvonne's breast heaved convulsively for one brief moment; then she put out an arresting hand. "Please, Monsieur!" she said, "I am flattered at your—your notice of me. But it is impossible, what you ask, Monsieur, quite impossible. Pardon, Monsieur."

Mr. Erasmus Garland looked at her. For the first time it occurred to him that Mademoiselle de Ruffignac was a very beautiful young woman. And for the fraction of a second he actually forgot the goblet.

"It is you who must pardon a foolish old man," he said, gently taking her hand and lifting it to his lips.

"After all," he thought, a few moments later, sipping the greenish-yellow orange-flower syrup and looking at her critically, "it would have been a risk. She might not have prized my collection. Dash Kemper! There is no way. I'll never get it."

The same afternoon, about three o'clock, Philip Garland, returned from his mission, stood in his room at the hotel looking about him with an air of indecision. Should he or should he not go to see Yvonne? Hitherto his visits had been made only in the forenoon—at the hour he first saw her. But what a weary stretch of hours before another forenoon! Decidedly he could not live until then without looking into those luminous gray eyes. He caught up his hat.

At that moment there came a smart rap at the door. In respose to Garland's irritated "Come in," there entered no less a personage than Aa'on. Aa'on's black face was tear-stained; his nondescript garments bore the evidence of a recent conflict, but he carried himself like a conqueror. "Howdy, Mars Phil," he said, placing a paper-wrapped parcel on the table. "Dis yer bunnel is all right, 'scusin' o' de wroppins. De wroppins is tore. I des had ter fight a passel o' niggers in R'yle Street. Dem R'yle Street niggers is monsus sassy."

"Did Mademoiselle Yvonne send you?" asked Garland impatiently.

"Yes, sah. She saunt me. Dat is, she axed me to fotch you de bunnel ter-morrer mawnin'. But I got fiahcrackers ter shoot ter-morrer, Mars Phil, an so I des fotch it ter-day. She saunt dis letter, too." He produced a note. Philip seized it and tore open the envelope. He had never received a note from her before; but he instinctively knew it for hers: the graceful, delicate handwriting.

"*Before to-morrow*," the note began abruptly, "*I will be taking a long voyage, and I think we will never meet again. I offer my felicitations to you, Monsieur Philip, and to your fiancée, Miss Laula (I fear I am not spelling that name correctly)! And I send the goblet of Monsieur de Ruffignac. It will be for a Christmas present for you; also, it will be for a wedding present. Your uncle has told me to-day of your marriage. I pray that you may be happy.*

"*Your friend,*

"*Yvonne de Ruffignac.*"

Philip frowned as he read and re-read the jerky sentences.

"Hello, Phil," cried his uncle, limping in, "when did you——"

"Uncle," interrupted Phil, "did you go to see Mademoiselle de Ruffignac to-day?"

"Y-yes," admitted Mr. Erasmus Garland, turning turkey-cock red; "I called about——"

"Did you tell Mademoiselle de Ruffignac," Phil went on sternly, "that I was about to marry Miss Agnes Lawler?"

"Why, yes," returned Mr. Garland promptly. "Aren't you? Why, Phil, what's the matter? Phil, my boy, what the deuce——" For Phil had clapped his hat on his head and rushed from the room. "What the——" repeated Mr. Garland. He stopped, his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. An end of the well-known inlaid box protruded through the torn wrapping of the package on the table. He crept forward warily, like a panther stealing on its prey, pounced upon the box, opened it and fell back, cold chills running up and down his spine. "The goblet—of—Monsieur—de—Ruffignac!" he gasped.

(Concluded on Page 15)

SOCIETY WOMEN IN BUSINESS

By **Mrs. Burton Harrison**

AS PATHETIC as any feature of life in a great city is the repeated vanishment into the obscurity of small means and narrow living of families accustomed to command the luxuries of wealth and fashion. How it comes about friends may know, but few outsiders stop to ask. There is a rumor of change of fortune; a cessation of entertainments; a forsaking of costly establishments in town and country; a dismissal of servants, horses and carriages; oftentimes that journey abroad is taken which covers such a multitude of motives! Then, for a time, the former leaders are lost sight of. Society, which has wondered over them a little, pitied them a little, and condemned them for previous outlay a great deal, drops the discussion of their affairs. As factors in the fashionable movement they are henceforward clean out of mind—like dead men out of sight. Or, in the case, so sadly familiar, of a man who has died poor after always allowing his family to expend his substance without giving them the faintest understanding of his real circumstances—permitting his womenkind, especially, to know no brake upon reckless expenditure, so long as they are happy and his establishment does him credit before the world—his survivors have to confront, as a totally new element in their experience, the necessity of wherewithal to live upon. They, too, find themselves suddenly in eclipse where once they shone as stars.

By and by, out of the shadow of reverse, the braver and better element of such households comes again into view of the public. Gently bred and fastidious women are seen entering upon a variety of methods of self-support that would have appeared impossible a quarter of a century ago, when the range of choice in their class was so limited and depressing. And to the honor of that much-abused bogy, Society, be it said, it is generally prompt to applaud the successful ones among such wage-earners.

The Lady Who Made Hats and Gave Dinners

True, we have not quite attained the pitch of the Englishwoman who said: "If I don't buy my bonnets at Lady ——'s shop she won't invite me to her dinners." But if a girl of good society, who desires to support herself, feels that she could make bonnets better than she could do anything else for pay, there would be no shame to her in essaying such a venture.

Happy the woman who, by higher education, abundant opportunity for observation, and a habit of intellectual exercise, is lifted above the necessity of considering the smaller business enterprises. It is an indisputable fact that, nowadays, girls of the leisure class are not only receiving a broader and more thorough training in science, art and literature, but are encouraged by their instructors to find out what branch of these pursuits is most congenial, and to pursue it actively. Thus, when necessity for work arises, there is disposed of, in part, the supreme obstacle created by lack of aptitude for skilled labor and technical training. The courage, determination and pertinacity in routine work that seem to be a part of our national inheritance of character soon carry the new business woman well upon the way of her chosen career; and it remains for the gift of God within her brain to develop her as far as she will go.

Without that divine impetus—that coveted ethereal spark—it is probable that her work will embody much and sore drudgery. But industry, singleness of purpose, and fidelity to business methods accomplish what genius often cannot; and the first taste of success in a business enterprise is a sweet morsel in the mouth of a woman who has always had all her wants supplied by merely asking others to supply them!

I know of a family where the daughters are trained in law, not with the purpose of launching themselves, at any time, into an arena so already overthronged by the opposite sex, but because each one of these girls is expected to come into an inheritance of noble proportions, and it is the desire of their wise parent that his girls may be protected, not only against their own ignorance of the care of property, but against the possibilities of the misuse of it by a reckless husband. I cannot observe that either of these well-bred young women is hardened by learning, after the fashion dreaded by Frederic Harrison; and it is certain that the intellectual training they have received will go far to fit them to meet any of the mutabilities of modern fortune.

Women Physicians and Nurses

Women physicians, though not generally seen to be emerging from the society class, have been known to confer distinction upon it. As trained nurses a vast number of refined and cultured women have made their influence felt throughout our country, although here, as in England, they are frequently employed in the families of their social inferiors and subjected to cruel tests of patience and high courage. Where their health meets the ordeal they have worked with all the enthusiasm of their profession, until able to retire upon a competency grandly earned, or until a happy marriage has removed them into a happier sphere of action.

In domestic architecture, where woman's knowledge of women's needs would surely seem to be most distinctly in demand in this era of new homes, girls of society have found most congenial work. When, in the swing of human events, it comes to pass that more refined women have their say about architects' designs, we shall have fewer of the mutterings of wrath among dissatisfied house owners, who move into dwellings destitute of sky-lights, closets, ventilation in store-rooms, space for servants to move about in, and practicable windows—all sacrificed to produce the picturesque lines of a male artist's ideal. Here again the drawback would be that few women have the necessary knowledge of mathematics and mechanics. Be that as it may, more than one instance occurs to me of a young girl who has made a successful transfer of her taste and energies from society to an architect's office, and it seems likely that this field for work will in future prove a favorite one.

From the lips of one who has made a distinct success as assistant librarian in an institution of importance, I heard the pleasing tale of her timid first venture to utilize her knowledge and love of books; a venture recognized and appreciated by a well-known authority, who, giving her an opportunity on a larger scale, has since come to depend largely upon her tested ability, and to pay her well for her services. "And I have never been so happy in my life" was the conclusion of her tale.

The "Society" Author and Her Trials

The successful "Society" author would appear, of all characters, the most misleading to the public and her would-be followers. The story of her gains, put into strings of pearls, country houses, riding horses and the like, is handed around with breathless interest at women's luncheons, and paragraphed in the personal columns of the newspapers. It inflames the imagination of women and girls all over the country, who forthwith study her writings enough to satisfy themselves that they can do the same sort of thing equally well and—the editors know the rest!

From Maine to Mexico come letters asking her to read and criticise stories, poems and articles, in manuscript, written under the inspiration of her success; and, furthermore, to aid in getting such contributions published. That editorial complaisance in her direction goes by favor is evidently a foregone conclusion; and that her work stands before the bar of judgment side by side with that of all other professional contributors, and is judged according to its acceptability by the public, does not enter into the brain of her stand-and-deliver correspondents.

It is patent that American women of society, who have used their leisure to cultivate the best familiarity with literature and have enjoyed every opportunity of intercourse with people and places of interest abroad and at home, should be well equipped to transmit their reflections and impressions of life and current events to paper. Those women conspicuously known as representing "Society" in letters have, however, succeeded not entirely because of their possession of the qualifications cited. Most of them are entirely businesslike in their methods, prompt in fulfilling engagements, unaffected in their acceptance of the relation of employed to employer. As a result, we hear of several of these ladies who receive from their work in literature a steady annual income of more than respectable proportions; while she who is fortunate enough to launch upon the market a taking book sees her balance in bank increase in gratifying fashion.

Writers of Questionable Literature

Just here it may be pertinent to observe that the women of fashion who in our day have, like Mr. Wegg, "dropped into" literature, seem not to have found large financial reward in erotic venture in verse or fiction. It produces a temporary excitement like the splashing of wings in water; but, when the wonder of it dies away, it is generally found that neither publishers nor editors in America take kindly to such daring in a contributor of the gentle sex.

The noted artists of the brush whom we meet sometimes in society are apt to have come early into their own. They paint because they must; and years of experience, days and weeks of seclusion from the world, go into the portraits or landscapes signed by them, which people stop in a gallery to see or pay high prices to secure. No flattery of friends, no lip service of compliment, can win high place or a large check for a bad piece of painting. Consequently, the rewards of such artists are in proportion to their merit, and the same may also be said of the women sculptors who—more infrequently—exhibit good work in our collections. This emphasizes a general rule for all wage-earners near the top. It is fairly done, for there is no coquetting with work sold in the open market. Photographing has of late been carried by women of society into the ranks of high art, and miniature painting is just now a favorite means of money-getting with refined women. I am not sure whether, in this latter art, it is thought better to be in vogue or to do good work. Some specimens that we see flaunted ambitiously give rise to the doubt!

Designing and book illustrating, drawing for fashion papers, and even bookbinding, have brought excellent returns to the artists.

We cannot expect to hear of women who have led lives of previous leisure taking rank as editors and journalists of the first class. Here, in stepping before the public, their lack of technical training stands like a lion in their path; but there are minor departments of editorial and newspaper work in which many gently-born and nurtured maidens are busily and admirably engaged. Every year sees a fresh influx, into New York channels, of determined girls, undeterred by what people have told them of the hardships, the physical exposure, the mortifications and the slights of a journalistic career for women in the metropolis. Others have met and breasted these difficulties, why not they? Anything is better than the death-in-life of repressed ambition and no means in their far-away homes!

So they come and come, and the strong survive, while the weak, alas! go under. I could not, if I would, recite the innumerable experiences of both kinds that have come within my ken.

The young lady of New York who has won for herself deserved laurels in the pursuit of landscape gardening as a profession is a worthy pioneer in an altogether fascinating and lucrative variety of headcraft. In her especial case there is an inherited love of work in woods and gardens, fostered by study and opportunity for seeing the best models everywhere. But surely that field is clear, and there is room for gleaners. To lay out native wild gardens and to assemble in charming juxtaposition native shrubs for the adornment of country homes is only one of the branches of this lady's chosen art. And now that the aristocratic (if hypothetical!) "Elizabeth" has given such an impetus to the *métier* of gardening in general, while an Earl's sister-in-law is said to be coining gold with her potpourri from a Surrey Garden, the occupation bids fair to lead in favor with the fashionable fair.

Disadvantages of the Stage for Women

Of the theatre as a means of livelihood for women of society, not much that is pleasant to write about occurs to me. And yet there are hundreds of girls who weekly sit and yearn through the three or four acts of matinée performances, strong in the secret belief that fame and fortune wait on an opportunity to show themselves upon the stage. It is quite useless to point out to such young women that the physical exertion of the life they covet is enormous, the nervous strain unending, the repeated necessity of playing with the emotions wearing to a pitiable degree. The rage for self-display is upon them, and must wear itself out.

In the rare instances where the desire for dramatic representation is inspired by genius there is no more to be said. It is like the call to arms of a soldier and must be answered, come what may.

One lady of hereditary place in good society has utilized her cleverness and tact in the position of American agent to the foremost playwrights of France and England. Her unusual measure of success has certainly not been hampered by her admirably frank acceptance of the business side of her enterprise.

Following the stock-actress of society troop the "entertainers," whose name is legion. Those from the South seem always to have "taken" with audiences, especially in the Northern States and in England. They have touched by the pathos and charmed by the humor of their impersonations of old plantation types; while the banjo-playing and graceful dances of some of the younger aspirants have pleased many an after-dinner hour in the drawing-rooms of wealthy patrons.

Other efforts have been in the line of recitations of endless variety, part-songs in costumes and familiar "talks" innumerable, in drawing-rooms and in semi-public halls. Most of us who have sat year after year, upon camp-chairs, through "courses" to which we have sometimes been violently induced to subscribe, know the difference in quality of the lecturers who look to Society to waft them upon their way to fame and a well-lined purse.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mrs. Burton Harrison on Society Women in Business. The second will appear in an early number.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Nat Goodwin on English Humor

For the past few seasons, since American productions have gained a foothold on the English stage, there has been much talk in London about what is known as "the American type of humor," to differentiate it from the home product. When Mr. Nat Goodwin was in England last summer he found himself seated one evening, at a large dinner, next to a man who seemed much interested in the stage.

"But I can't for the life of me see," remarked the Englishman during the course of conversation, "what people mean by American humor. To me, all humor is alike, whether it be of American or English origin. Perhaps you can explain to me just what distinguishes American humor from any other sort?"

"Well," replied Mr. Goodwin, "I think the American type of humor is rather more subtle. It doesn't always fully impress itself upon you at once. The more you think about it, the funnier it seems. I can perhaps best illustrate my meaning with a little story.

"A man was walking along the street, one day, when he passed another man, who was carrying a letter in his hand.

"'Pardon me,' said the man with the letter; 'do you know where the post-office is?'

"'Yes,' said the other man, and passed on. On second thought he decided that he had been rude, and went back to where the man with the letter was still standing.

"'Do you wish to know where the post-office is?' he asked. 'No,' said the other man."

The Englishman's gaze was vacant. "Just turn it over in your mind for a few minutes and tell me what you think of it," said Mr. Goodwin.

Ten minutes later the Englishman clutched at Mr. Goodwin's elbow. "You won't be offended, will you, old chap?" he murmured. "But really, I think they were both blawsted rude!"

The Ordeal for Suitors

Judge Cooper, of Shelbyville, Tennessee, has one of the most powerful personalities of the Middle South. He was a great figure during the Civil War, a fine speaker after the war, and has been a notable judge during the years of his later life. To know Judge Cooper, of Tennessee, is at once to know all that is best and most interesting of the life of the great Frontier State. His fund of anecdote is without limit; his hospitality for half a century has been unbounded. He has often been urged to write a book that should deal with the reminiscences of the Southern Judge, and give to the world a brilliant historical picture of the intensely interesting legal and political life of that South which he has known in so many phases.

Judge Cooper has a powerful figure as well as mentality. His head is of dimensions rare among men. It has the breadth and length that folk want in their great men. He is proud of this head, and it was well known throughout Tennessee that Judge Cooper required a similar head on the man who should win his daughter's hand.

Miss Cooper was a belle, and many men paid court to her at the fine old home in Shelbyville. Whenever a young cavalier became frequent in his attentions the Judge would mark that young man when he came in, then slip out quietly into the hall, take the young man's hat from the rack, and try it on his own head. The next morning he would say to his daughter:

"You needn't be falling in love with that young man, because his hat doesn't fit my head, and you can't have him." He was fully determined that no small-headed man should win his daughter, for he didn't believe any good could come out of a small head.

A few years passed, and none of the hats that hung so frequently in the Cooper hall would go on the head of the hospitable host. The joke on these young men quickly spread over Tennessee. It was openly said that no man with a small head need present himself as a suitor for Miss Cooper's hand.

At last all Shelbyville knew that one man was getting all Miss Cooper's smiles. He was a South Carolinian of gigantic proportions.

He called one night, and the Judge found the pair sitting on a moonlit piazza. He went straight to the hall-rack and tried on the man's hat. It fitted.

He told the fact to his daughter the next morning. "I am already engaged to him," she answered with the independence of the Southern girl.

The man in the case is Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Memorial Church of Philadelphia, and one of the powerful personalities in the Presbyterian church.

How Miss Stockton Read Milton

Miss Louise Stockton, the authoress, is widely known as a pioneer in the work of organizing clubs and reading circles. During the Centennial Exposition of 1876 she was one of the editors of a little newspaper published in the Woman's Building, entitled the New Century for Women. When the Centennial was over and the crowds had returned to their homes, the women who had carried on this little periodical were unwilling to give up the pleasant intercourse that had brought them together for six pleasant months, and so the New Century Club, of which Miss Stockton was the chief promoter, was the outcome. From this mother club have sprung numerous New Century clubs all over the country.

In the midst of Miss Stockton's busy life she finds time to write many bright stories, editorials, essays, book reviews and biographies. Herself an author, she is further distinguished as being the sister of the famous novelist, Frank R. Stockton.

Miss Stockton has in her possession a quaint, old-fashioned rocking-chair which figured in an experience in her early life. As a child her reading was exceedingly varied, the Old Testament and Pilgrim's Progress alternating with the Arabian Nights, Bulwer and Scott. When she was twelve years old she happened to come across a volume of Paradise Lost, but a glance decided her that she was too young to read such a grown-up book, and she laid it down, mentally deciding that thirteen was the proper age for a girl to become acquainted with that masterpiece. She kept her resolution, and on the very day that she was thirteen—believing that she was now sufficiently matured to appreciate the work—she took the book, curled herself up in a big rocking-chair, and read it through from cover to cover. The rocking-chair now occupies an honored place in Miss Stockton's library.

Miss Stockton's first story was written for a child's paper in competition for prizes offered for the best story written by a child under fifteen and for the best written by a child under twelve. Two of the Stockton children competed—Louise and Frank. Frank won the prize offered to a child under fifteen and Louise the one offered to a child under twelve. But the judges thought it would never do to allow two children in one family to carry off both prizes, so they gave one prize to Frank, but ruled his sister out.

Her next venture, when she was fifteen, brought her four dollars in gold for a story for a children's paper, and was really the beginning of her literary career.

Postmaster-General Smith, Revivalist

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Charles Emory Smith, made a great record in his four weeks of continuous speech-making during the recent campaign. He spoke for his Administration every night, and sometimes twice a day, during that time. He covered the country from Nebraska to Maine. The best speech he made was an impromptu one at Baker University, in Kansas. The friends who were with him at that time chaff him considerably over it, for they put his inspiration down to a unique cause.

He was merely a visitor to this fine university, which is Methodist in its teachings, and where many Methodist ministers, out of active life from old age, spend their closing days. Several of these old ministers were present to meet Mr. Smith when he came sight-seeing to the university. The president of the university begged Mr. Smith to make a speech to the students; he told the Postmaster-General that he knew it was much to ask of him, as his voice was husky and he had great work before him, but that the students had pleaded so earnestly to have him talk to them that he hoped he wouldn't refuse. Mr. Smith consented, and in a few moments the word went abroad over the campus, and the chapel had standing room only. A political speech pure and simple Mr. Smith could not give to these young men. But the subtlety and brilliancy with which he really led this great body along on national issues without once mentioning either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan, imperialism or free silver, was a master-stroke.

When he began his speech he had no idea of saying more than a few words, but suddenly from the nearest seat an aged minister cried out, "Amen!" A few more sentences and again that "Amen!" rang out from the chapel. The oftener it sounded, the more impassioned and eloquent and fervent Mr. Smith became. It was the most unique applause ever given to a campaign orator. It was the applause that works a revivalist up to the point of genius, and his friends say that it was the cause of Mr. Smith's inspiration.

The aged ministers were unconscious that it was unique applause; the speaker, fired by it, seemed not to think it extraordinary; members of his political party, standing as onlookers, were keenly delighted at the remarkable scene.

At every volley of "Amens" the orator became more brilliant; and that is why Mr. Smith is called "the revivalist" by some of his colleagues.

Her Husband Voted Against Her

Among the gifted women of Philadelphia, none shines with more brilliancy than Mrs. Florence Earle Coates.

Among Mrs. Coates' treasured possessions is a letter written by Matthew Arnold shortly before his death, in which he spoke of the delightful hours spent in her home and expressed the hope of a speedy reunion in her fragrant garden.

At one of the elections of the officers of the Philadelphia Browning Society, with its 1100 members—over which Mrs. Coates presides—there was an amusing episode.

Printed slips bearing the names of nominees had been collected from the audience, and the committee who had been appointed to count the votes were just about to announce to Mrs. Coates her unanimous election, when Mr. Coates handed her a slip with her name heavily crossed and recrossed in an almost vicious fashion, and remarked:

"Here is some one who objects decidedly to your election."

Mrs. Coates took the paper, smiled, flushed, and laid it aside, evidently not caring to have the committee see how much she felt the objection, and the conversation went on. But her eyes recurred in a troubled way to the scowling erasure and finally, picking it up, she murmured:

"I wonder who it can be? Some one, I fear, whom I have unintentionally hurt or displeased;" but just then, catching a glimpse of her husband's face, she exclaimed: "Why, it was Mr. Coates, of course! How could you?" and joined heartily in the laugh that followed.

Longfellow's Daughter an Indian

Miss Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the author of Hiawatha, has been formally adopted as an honorary member of the tribe of Ojibway Indians. The Ojibways are the Indians of the Lake Superior and Lake Huron regions, about whom the poet Longfellow so entertainingly wrote, and the descendants of that tribe, knowing of his work regarding them, held him in high honor.

The ceremony of conferring upon Miss Longfellow membership in the tribe took place on an island included in the Ojibway Reservation, near the Sault Ste. Marie, in the very region made famous by the poem.

Some years ago Chiefs Kaboosa and Wabanoosa (the resemblance to names in Hiawatha will be noticed) made a pilgrimage to Cambridge to visit the great man of whom they had so often heard, but they reached there only to find that Longfellow had just died. They were heartbroken, both at his death and at their having failed to come sooner.

They examined his home with the greatest interest, and it was with deep awe that they sat in chairs pointed out as having been most often used by Mr. Longfellow. Each in turn begged the privilege of sitting at his desk and fingering his penholder. When they left they urged that Mrs. Longfellow and her daughters visit the tribe, and said that everything possible would be done to make the visit a pleasant one.

Visiting with friends recently near the Sault Ste. Marie, Miss Longfellow was eager to see the Indians of the tribe of which her father had written, and they were equally eager to see her and to make her welcome.

They urged that she allow them to make her an honorary member of the tribe, and, on her consenting, the ceremony was arranged for, and then carried out in a prettily dignified and picturesque fashion.

LITTLE MISS JOHNS. *By* Joel Chandler Harris

III

TO SAY that the little French shoemaker was grateful to Zepherine would fall far short of the truth. He took it for granted that she was an angel in the shape of a woman, sent specially to relieve him from pain and to drag him back to life, and he conducted himself accordingly. Not a Sunday afternoon passed that he did not stroll out to Shady Dale to see her. He was quite welcome there, too, for in spite of the fact that he was a shoemaker he had the refinement and good taste that seem to be inseparable from the average Frenchman; and there was a simplicity about him, a childlike gentleness, that was very pleasing to Sarah Clopton. He came and went so quietly that Mr. Sanders was moved to say that he went about as if he were a flake of thistledown.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that Miss Johns took occasion to tell Mr. Valicombe why she had come so far from home. She told, also, of her father; how he had gone away from home, and how she, too, had come away to find him. Some day, she said, she would be able to go to New Orleans, where she knew the dear father was. At this, Mr. Valicombe shrugged his shoulders as Frenchmen will, and told her that New Orleans was a very large city; a city where there were many people of all tongues. Whereupon Zepherine shrugged her shoulders, too, and the gesture was very cunning, saying that, no matter how large the town might be, or how many people were there, the good God would enable her to find her dear father. To this Mr. Valicombe very readily assented. It might be so, certainly.

But as the cooler weather drew on there came a time when the visits of Mr. Valicombe ceased. This was very pleasing to Nan Dorrington, who was a little jealous of the Frenchman. Since her illness she was more devoted to Zepherine than ever. In fact, she was never happy away from her. And Nan was more beautiful than ever. There was not a mark on her face to show that she had ever suffered from that terrible disease, and it was all owing to Zepherine. This was what Nan's father said, and of course it must be so.

And yet, between Nan's father and Zepherine a terrible state of affairs existed. This was owing in part to the jovial Mr. Sanders, and in part to the misunderstanding that had arisen when Zepherine had made her unexpected appearance as a volunteer nurse. When Zepherine returned home Mr. Sanders was the first to greet her, and his greeting brought the blood to her face.

"Why, hello, honey!" he exclaimed; "I'm mighty glad to see you lookin' so well. They tell me," he declared, "that you frailed out the doctor e'en about as soon as you got in the door of the pest-house. Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it; he's been needin' somethin' of that sort for a long time."

"Frail! What is frail?" inquired Zepherine, albeit she had a dim conception of her own that it meant a dispute.

Mr. Sanders laughed. "I bet you that Randolph knows what it means," he replied; "an' you couldn't a-whaled a chap that deserved it more."

"Whale? Oh, I don't know what you mean."

Mr. Sanders was compelled to go off somewhere by himself to have his laugh out, as he expressed it, and Zepherine was forced to fall back on Sarah Clopton for an explanation. When the explanation was given it quite took Zepherine's breath away.

"Oh, I was very rude to him," she said, weeping a little and blushing a great deal. "But how could I do? He was also rude. He would drive me away when I go to take care of his own child."

"Why, my dear, he didn't want you to catch the disease," Sarah Clopton explained.

"But if I catch it, what is that to him?" cried Zepherine with some show of indignation. "If he have it, I won't take care of him—unless——" she paused and gave Sarah Clopton a swift glance.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you or Nan want me to go there." The older woman regarded Zepherine with a curious smile, and she continued to smile after the girl had gone for her embroidery frame.

Whatever the smile may have meant it had no effect on Zepherine, for whenever Dorrington came to Shady Dale, which was often, the young woman promptly disappeared, and was seen no more until after his departure. More than once he made inquiries about her, and on one occasion he said he wanted to see her for the purpose of apologizing for his rudeness.

"Why, I hope you haven't been rude to the child, Randolph," remarked Sarah Clopton when he mentioned the matter. "She thinks that she was rude to you."

"Well, only properly so. I was irritated when she came into that house, but not for long. I soon found that she knows more about the treatment of smallpox than I do. But the way she treated me would have made Mr. Sanders smile. She threw my medicine out of the window, and refused positively to follow my directions; and yet Nan tells me she's the timidest, gentlest little thing in the world. I'm sure I don't understand her at all."

"No, Randolph, you don't, and it's better that you shouldn't. The surest defense we women have is the fact that no man can understand us. If it were otherwise the world would be quite topsyturvy in a very short while."

The three went on their way

There was small satisfaction to be drawn from this remark, in spite of its wisdom, but Dorrington had to make the best of it. Later, when Sarah Clopton informed Zepherine that the doctor had made inquiries for her, she raised her eyebrows in astonishment.

"For me?" she cried.

"Yes; he said he wanted to apologize," replied the older woman dryly.

"Apologize to me!" exclaimed Zepherine. "Well, poor man! if he know nothing of smallpox, and know not who should apologize, he must have a deep trouble somewhere. I am quite sorrowful for him." Whereupon the young woman laughed scornfully, thereby exhibiting a new phase of her character, as a man would have thought. But Sarah Clopton, being a woman, renewed the dry smile with which she had regarded Zepherine on a former occasion. This time, however, Zepherine saw it, and seemed to divine its import. "Oh, now you are laughing at me!" she cried, blushing violently. "I am very foolish; I cannot tell why your Doctor Randolph cause me to be so out of temper all the time, day and night."

"Why, he's not nearly so important as that," replied Sarah Clopton; "he's nothing but a great, big, blundering, good-natured man."

Zepherine tossed her head and her eyes flashed. "Well, I wish I could see some of that great good nature," she said scornfully.

"Well, my dear, I'm thinking you'll have plenty of opportunities," the older woman suggested. "After a while you'll come to the conclusion that Randolph is not important enough for you to jump up and run away every time you hear his footstep on the gravel outside. He's been coming here regularly many years, but I've never taken the trouble to try to distinguish his footstep from that of other people."

"Oh, but if you were in my place," said Zepherine, blushing; "if you had heard him walking as I did, all through the long night, while Nan was so ill—well, I think you would know his step when you heard it. I know yours, and I know Nan's. I don't think it is so hard to know the step of those you—oh, I mean those you like or dislike; do you think so?"

"No, I suppose not," replied Sarah Clopton; "but I have had so many things to think about, you know, that I haven't had time to study the sounds of my friends' footsteps."

"But there are some things you must think of, no matter what you may be doing," Zepherine insisted.

"Certainly," Sarah Clopton replied; "but that is different."

Zepherine twisted her fingers together, a sure sign of perplexity, saying: "If I could think in English you would know what I mean."

"Oh, I think I could guess," said the older woman, tapping Miss Johns on her glowing cheek. "Yonder is Nan; run and meet her. I think you need more exercise. You musn't become a mope at your age."

Zepherine was only too glad of an excuse to get away from this friend, who had suddenly developed a desire to tease; and she made haste to meet Nan. Now, this rompish creature did not allow her good digestion and her buoyant health to interfere with her romantic tendencies. She found mysteries in the commonest events of life, and a good part of the time she dwelt in a world of her own creation, in which she could indulge in any kind of adventure, and where all her dreams could come true.

As soon as she saw Zepherine she threw up her hands with a shrill scream of delight. She had the most delicious mystery, and she just knew it would turn out to be a real and truly true romance. She had gone around to Mr. Valicombe's shop to find out why he didn't come to Shady Dale any more, and one of the men there—he had two now—had told her that Mr. Valicombe was not in town at all; that he had gone to New Orleans, and that he didn't propose to return until—at this point she placed both hands over her mouth and gave Zepherine a wild look.

"What, then, is the matter with you? Why do you begin to tell something, and then pause in that way?" inquired the thoroughly puzzled Miss Johns.

"Oh, I want to tell, but I mustn't. Oh, Mr. Sanders would never forgive me. Indeed he wouldn't; he told me so. It is the most perfectly lovely idea I ever heard of; but you must promise never to ask me about it. If you don't, I shall have to go away somewhere, and stay."

"But what can it be? Is it about me?" As she spoke Miss Johns began to blush even as she blushed before Sarah Clopton.

Nan paid no attention to the blushes. She simply placed a hand over her mouth and shook her head. When she did speak she pretended to be angry. "You know I am just dying to tell you, and you are asking me about it when I begged you not to. Oh, if you knew how wild I am you wouldn't dare to ask me!"

"Dare! It is something terrible, then," said Miss Johns, her face becoming pale. "Oh, if you care for me, please tell me."

Nan seized her in a furious embrace. "Oh, you sweet goose! Oh, you dearest! Don't drive me crazy. I could tell you but for Mr. Sanders. When he saw me coming from the shoemaker's he called me, and asked me how much I knew about Somebody, and I pretended to know a great deal, and I kept on hinting and asking him how much he knew. And, oh, it's the most wonderful thing!" Up went the hand to the mouth again, and nothing that Miss Johns could say or do had the effect of inducing Nan to tell what she knew.

The fall drifted into winter without producing any change in the season. In the almanac, especially Grier's, December is put down as a winter month; but in middle Georgia, in 1860, it paraded itself as the sister of June; the roses bloomed, the birds sang, and the apple trees, mistaking the portents, began to clothe themselves with blossoms. The sun shone with the warmth of spring, and the delicately crisp breezes were laden with the odors of the season of flowers. It was a respite to be thankful for. There were days of such perfection and beauty that the dullest man could not fail to perceive that he had something to be thankful for; it was an experience that would hardly occur twice in a generation.

Well, it was upon the balmy wings of this perfect season that the days drifted toward Christmas, and when that day was near the word went around, as we say in Georgia, that Mr. Valicombe, the shoemaker, had returned to the village. He had not come upon the stage-coach, Nan was certain of that, for it was her daily privilege, in good weather or bad, to take particular note of the passengers, whether they were few or many. No, he had not been a passenger on the stage-coach. In Malvern he had hired a conveyance, and had timed his start from that city so as to arrive at Harmony Grove after nightfall; and the driver, who had his supper at the tavern, declared that Mr. Valicombe had brought a companion with him. This driver further said that the two passengers talked outlandish; they talked all the way and he couldn't understand a word they said. He didn't know whether they were planning to knock him in the head and take the carriage and team, or what they were going to do. For his part, he didn't want to haul no more outlandish folks, not if he could help himself.

The day after his return Mr. Valicombe appeared to be in very high spirits. He saw Mr. Sanders on the street and called to him, and after the two had talked together for a few moments they went to Mr. Valicombe's shop, and there they had another consultation which lasted an hour or two. After that they went to the tavern, where Mr. Sanders made a very peculiar inquiry. He asked if anybody had seen Nan Dorrington. Well, of course, somebody had seen her, but nobody knew where she was at that particular moment; she might be at Shady Dale, or at Miss Puella Gillum's, or romping about in the woods, or she might be drilling her military company, a justly famous corps, composed of raggedy-taggedy little negroes. Home was the last place to look for Nan, but she happened to be there when the two men went by on their way to Shady Dale. They called for her, and then the three went on their way; which caused Mrs. Absalom Goodlett, Dorrington's housekeeper, to remark that there would certainly be war if old Billy Sanders, the Dutchman, and Nan were going around plotting against the whites. The peculiarity of this good woman was that she always abused her friends and spoke well of those she didn't like, so that it became a common saying in that neighborhood, when a person went wrong, that he was earning the praise of Mrs. Absalom.

This good woman, watching from her window, saw the three plotters stop in the middle of the road and stand there talking. Then, all of a sudden she saw Nan jump at the shoemaker and throw her arms around him. This done, the child seized Mr. Sanders by both hands, and tried to swing him around in a wild dance. Owing to circumstances, Mr. Sanders was not swingable. He simply turned on his heels and allowed Nan to whirl around him, and when she had finished this series of gyrations she threw her arms around his rotund figure and gave him a good squeezing.

Mrs. Absalom concluded that there must be a very serious plot on the part of the disaffected population; but she laughed softly to herself, for whatever pleased Nan delighted Mrs. Ab,, though she d'n't like to see her colloguing with foreigners

And certainly Nan seemed to be very well pleased this time, for when she and her companions reached Shady Dale she rushed at Miss Johns and came near smothering her with hugs and kisses, and she repeated the same performance with Sarah Clopton, for the child, neither then nor at any period of her life, was ashamed of her emotions

'Nan, Nan! you are smothering me!" cried Sarah Clopton, struggling and laughing. "What does it mean?'

Oh, don't you know?" exclaimed Nan: "it's only two days to Christmas. Nonny"—her pet name for Mrs Absalom—"was saying t'other day that if this spell of weather keeps up we'll have ripe peaches on April Fool's day and figs in May.'

This being a matter beyond dispute, Nan's small audience could only laugh at her enthusiasm. However, when no one else was looking, Mr. Sanders winked and Mr. Valicombe shrugged his shoulders after the manner of his people. And then—how it was done no one seemed to know—Nan inveigled Miss Johns into taking a walk; whereupon Mr Sanders, reinforced and supported by Mr Valicombe's eloquent shoulders and hands, gave Sarah Clopton to understand that it was the desire of certain influential individuals to set out a Christmas tree for the especial pleasure of Miss Johns

"Are you deserting Nan?" the lady asked

"By no manner of means," replied Mr. Sanders. "Nan is to be the ring-master, an' me an' Peter will be the trick clowns, as you may say. Anyhow, Sarah, you're likely to l'arn something from this tree. The fruit it'll b'ar will surprise you might'ly. It's a new variety. I seed one in Injianny when I was wi' my Hart kinnery. You know, Sarah, we ain't used to 'em down here; we jest hang up our stockin's in the chimbley jam, an' trust to luck for to find somethin' in 'em the next mornin'. I've seed the time when old Sandy Claus gi' me the go by, but he can't walk around the tree we're gwine to plant here."

"Well, what kind of present will you give the child?" Sarah Clopton inquired. "I have a number of things to give her, and I've been trying to think of some way to surprise her pleasantly. I confess I like the old way the best. I'm a great believer in Santa Claus, old as I am, and I once took it for granted that all girls are alike in that respect. But it is not so. Zepherine tells me that among her people Christmas is a religious celebration, and the giving of presents is reserved for New Year's, when the young people come from far and near to kneel before their parents and ask their blessing

"Yes, yes! that is so," said Mr. Valcombe. "It is the old, the very old habitude

"Well, it's mighty different here," remarked Mr Sanders. "In this State an' section, even the half grown children give their parents a blessin' out ivy day in the year; an' they are so superior to them that raised 'em that they seem to git along mighty well wi'out a blessin' of any kind. But that's a gray hoss of another color. This is a case what we can't hang up stockin's, an' even bags is barred. One of the presents we'll have the honor to give the young lady has got so many sharp ends and corners that it can't be shoved into anything less'n a hogshead. Havin' no hogshead, we'll have to stand it up by the tree, an' so, ef that's no objection from the attorney for the plaintiff, we'll agree on the tree, and call in the next witness. I know right whar that's a mighty bushy bush that'll jest meet our views."

And so the matter was arranged. That afternoon the tree, a lusty young holly, with a rank growth of foliage was brought in from the woods and concealed in the carriage house. The next day there were various mysterious consultations going on. Miss Johns was with Nan, and if she observed anything out of the ordinary, she gave no sign But the day before Christmas she could hardly fail to note that something extraordinary was on foot. Nan was not visible, and when Miss Johns would play on the piano she found the parlor door locked, and, pausing a moment, she heard muffled and mysterious sounds within. For a second—oh it was the briefest moment—a sharp pang of loneliness (or was it jealousy?) seized and took possession of her; and then, in a flash, she remembered her pleasant surroundings, and all that had been done to make her happy There were other things she remembered, too—things that brought a heightened color to her face, and caused her sensitive lips to quiver. She told herself that though she ought to be happy she was not happy at all She wanted to go away, but durst not. Oh, there were times when a wild and frightened heart was fluttering in that innocent bosom—especially when Randolph Dorrington's step was heard on the graveled walk

She turned away from the parlor door. If there was nothing else she could do, she could finish a piece of lace she was working; so she took her work and sat out of doors in the pleasant sunshine. Nan, who had been set to watch all of Zepherine's movements, gave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness!" she cried. "Now I can go into the parlor without climbing in at the window"

With Miss Johns out of sight and hearing the work of arranging for the Christmas tree went on rapidly—the house servants being called in to assist—and it was soon over with Then the bustle ceased, and the house once more became a serene haven of rest and repose. The parlor door was locked and Mr. Sanders had the key

IV

CHRISTMAS morning dawned bright and beautiful There was not a cloud in the sky or a hint of frost in the air. The mocking-birds were singing in the orchard, and the blue jays were vigorously chiding a gray squirrel in one of the big oaks. An early breakfast was the rule at Shady Dale, and Christmas morning was no exception. The negroes were crowding around the back door, ready to cry out "Christmas gift!" to all who came in sight. Then Sarah Clopton made her appearance, and the negroes were soon in possession of the presents intended for them; and not one was forgotten, from the oldest to the youngest

Following this came the justly famous Christmas tree which Mr. Sanders regarded as his own particular property He it was who threw open the door of the parlor, remarking that he was not only tyler of the lodge, but special bailiff as well. The room presented a very beautiful appearance The heavy red curtains had been drawn together to exclude the light of day. The illumination came from the six big candlesticks that had done duty in the Clopton family for many generations The Christmas tree, also, bore a burden of small candles attached to its boughs, and was furthermore loaded with packages of various shapes and sizes. It made a very brave show indeed. It was placed at one end of the large room, being flanked on either side by curtains which completely concealed the corners

From behind one of these curtains came Peter Valicombe who said that everything was ready Then turning to Miss Johns, he said in French: "Mademoiselle, will you please play for us one of the songs you heard when a child, one that your good father taught you?"

Zepherine hesitated, her hands clasped together. "But why?" she asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, she went to the piano, drew a deep breath, and began a lilting melody that her father had composed for his violin. It was very beautiful, but few among those who were listening heard it to the end The curtains behind the Christmas tree slowly parted, and a stranger made his appearance. He moved toward the piano, smiling His hair was white as snow, but his face was that of a man in the prime of . His features were at once fine and strong, and his eyes were brilliant

Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed the impulsive Nan Zepherine thought she was enraptured by the melody but Nan was no longer listening to the piano

For some reason or other which he never could explain to himself, Randolph Dorrington stepped forward and took the stranger by the hand and led him nearer the piano. And right here Nature stepped in and destroyed the dramatic scene which poor Peter Valicombe had arranged for. As Flavian Dion listened to his own music, played by the daughter who had been all in all to him, he broke down: the tears began to roll down his face He fumbled awkwardly for his handkerchief, saying, "I beg you' pardon, that ees my li'l' girl; that ees my li'l' child. I have seen her, oh not for many a long time

When Zepherine turned around, the first thing she saw was Randolph Dorrington holding the hand of

Her thoughts flew no farther. "Oh, what is this?" she cried. But there was no need to tell her, she knew: she had been expecting something like this. She ran into her father's arms and held him tightly, while he stroked her hair and fondled her face, calling her by all the pet names that were dear to her childhood's memory

I reckon," said Mr. Sanders, wiping his eyes with his big red "hankcher," "I reckon we'd jest as well postpone the case, an' leave the witness wi' her" He went out, and all the rest followed his example, Sarah Clopton going last and closing the door behind her. At the end of half an hour Mr Sanders knocked on the door, stating in a loud voice and with the intonation of a sheriff's bailiff, that court must now be opened and all unfinished business concluded. The door was opened by Zepherine, whose happiness had somewhat subdued her. An hour before she was a girl, but now she was a woman with responsibility tugging at her sleeve. Not one of her friends but could see the change. She could hardly bear to leave her father, and she sat holding his hand and stroking it and frequently looking up in his face

Mr. Sanders went to the tree, saying, "If the jury is ready, we'd jest as well go on with this case" He took a package from the tree "For Miss Nan Dorrington, a thrip's worth of candy from an old lover An' here's a letter marked Zepherine. It's badly spelt, an' they don't seem to be much in it

I want nothing but this," said Zepherine

'Nothin' but the letter? Well, here it is, honey.' Mr. Sanders found it impossible to restrain his humor

I mean I want nothing but my father," replied Zepherine

'Well, he's a good big chunk of a present," said Mr. Sanders; and then he went on distributing the presents until he came to the last, which was such a large bundle that it had to be placed at the foot of the tree "For William H Sanders, one pa'r of second-hand trousers, fresh from the dry-goods emporium of Jake Einstein" He unrolled it and, sure enough, there was an old pair of trousers, much the worse for wear

In the midst of the laughter that followed Sarah Clopton suddenly asked where Randolph Dorrington had gone "Well," replied Mr. Sanders, "he seed that nobody was sick enough for to take a blue pill, or a doste of jollup an' calomel, an' so he lit out"

"He's outside," said Zepherine. "I hear him walking."

Sarah Clopton observed that the young woman had opened all her presents save one—the first she had received. But when Peter Valicombe came and sat by her father she excused herself. She ran to her room and tore the envelope open. It contained a brief note from Randolph Dorrington He said he had long sought for an opportunity to apologize for his rudeness on the occasion of Nan's illness, and would

(Concluded on Page 15 of this Number)

She saw Randolph Dorrington hold up the hand of——

Photographing Nests

Nest and young of Wood-Thrush

FEW things in Nature have a greater charm for us than the nesting of birds, and as various species of birds nest in nearly every part of the world, those who are fond of and take pleasure in the study and observation of the habits of the feathered forms in life can frequently avail themselves of opportunities to gratify their tastes in such pursuits in almost any locality

All species of birds, however, do not build nests, as many of them habitually lay their eggs simply upon the naked ground or even upon bare rocks, as in the case with many forms of sea fowl. Others excavate burrows and lay their eggs at the farther end of them, as puffins and kingfishers are known to do. Some owls, hawks and many other species seek for this purpose the hollows in the trunks of semi decayed trees, while the woodpeckers cut for themselves long, cylindrical passages in tree trunks, and lay their eggs at the bottom of these, making no nest beyond the fine chips of wood produced toward the close of their work

There are some birds, too, that have a way of utterly neglecting to make a home of any character whatever for their future progeny, and are content, the shiftless things, to lay their eggs around in the nests of other species, to be cared for by foster-parents that almost invariably are blind to the trick. Our cowbird, and the cuckoo of the Old World, are examples of birds possessing such habits

Then again, we have on record the curious cases of certain types known as hornbills, which are found in certain parts of the East Indies, species which lay their eggs in the hollows of trees, the male bird subsequently sealing up the entrance with mud, and thus making a prisoner of his spouse with her clutch. Then he diligently feeds her through a small aperture left for the purpose in the wall of mud, until the entire performance of incubation is over and the single young hornbill has been hatched

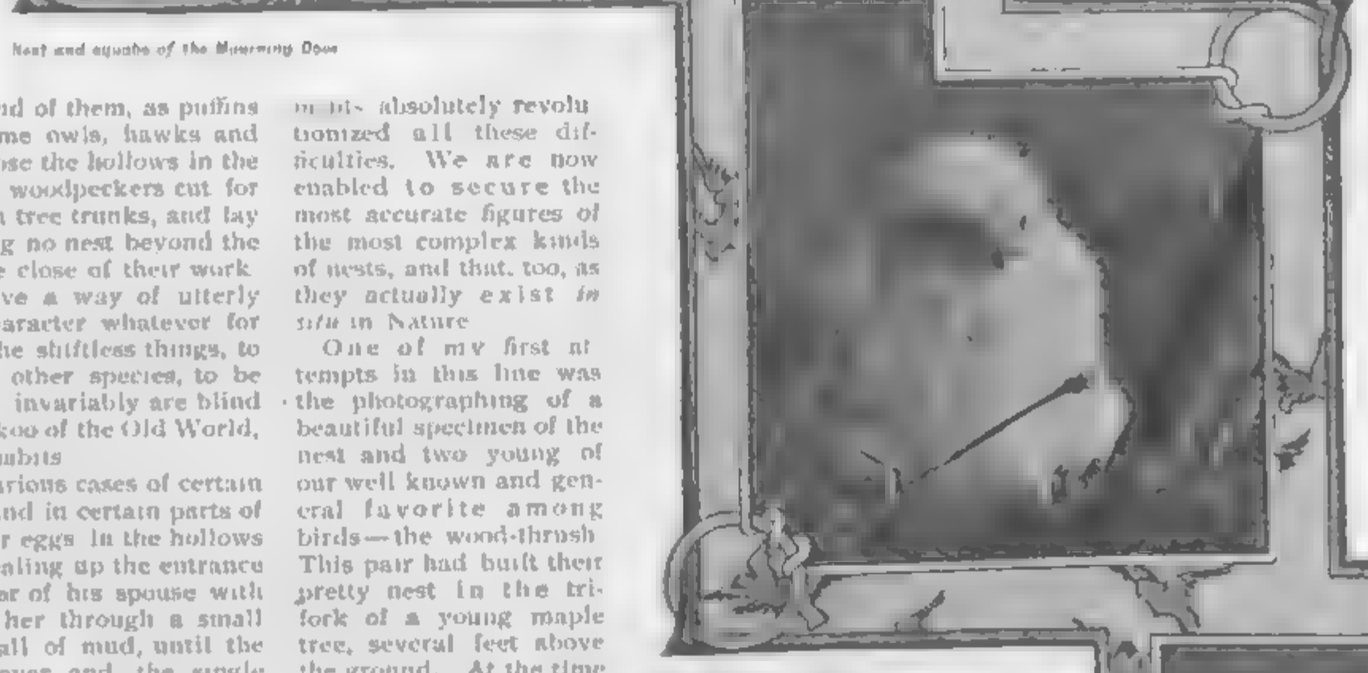
There are many other birds that lay but a single egg, others lay but two, while the more prolific layers may deposit a clutch of a dozen or even more. So remarkable, indeed, are the nesting habits of still other species that pages have been devoted to their description and history in the standard works upon the subject of nidification, where such interesting accounts may always be found and read. Here, however, it is my purpose to treat more especially of the ordinary nest builders, such as the more familiarly known birds of this country and I do so particularly with the view not only of interesting those who are fond of the study of ornithology in a popular way, but of giving some account of personal experiences in my attempts to secure good photographic pictures of living birds and nest structures which may interest and be of value to all amateur photographers.

How to Avoid Travesties in Photography

The ordinary nest of a bird—a catbird for example—has always proved to be an extremely difficult subject for the ornithological artist to draw. Its very material and the way it is put together militate against success, and often the situation selected by the parents for their home by no means improves the artist's chances. The twigs, the fine roots and the other things of which it is composed stick out, and are twisted and massed together in such a manner that, unless everything is portrayed exactly as it exists, we fail of our object, and a travesty upon Nature is the inevitable result

It always reminds me of the little boy who spent an hour or more in his attempt to make a drawing of the nest of a chipping sparrow. When it was completed he exhibited it to his father, who, after regarding it for a few moments in rather a dazed way, remarked that it was the best representation of a cyclone that he had ever seen. But the boy should not have been discouraged, for even some of Audubon's attempts to depict the nests of birds gave this peculiar appearance of a whirlwind of sticks and twigs; while the distinguished Wilson, wiser in his day and generation, very rarely attempted the feat for his celebrated work

But when the photographic camera came to be so generously employed by zoological artists, its achievements absolutely revolutionized all these difficulties. We are now enabled to secure the most accurate figures of the most complex kinds of nests, and that, too, as they actually exist *in situ* in Nature



Nest and eggs of the Mourning Dove

One of my first attempts in this line was the photographing of a beautiful specimen of the nest and two young of our well known and general favorite among birds—the wood-thrush This pair had built their pretty nest in the trifork of a young maple tree, several feet above the ground. At the time of my photograph the two nestlings were asleep in the nest, and the light was all that any naturalist-photographer could wish. Now, one of the first things to be studied is the point of view, and this should be selected so far as possible with the aim of securing the nest upon direct lateral aspect—that is to say, in a case of this kind we must not sight the camera from below, and thus get too much of the under side of the nest in our picture nor must we get too much from above, for the like reason. Young birds' heads appear much better *en profil* than they do *en face*, and this point must be remembered in your study of the nest upon the ground glass of the camera

In taking such objects I always use a 5x8 *tripod* instrument, and have no use for the hand camera in such work Then see well to it that the nest occupies the proper artistic place upon your plate—that is, well in the middle and rather below the centre. All these considerations add very materially to the value of your results, for it is the strict attention to such details which alone makes success possible.

All the surroundings of your subject should be studied with the greatest care, not only with the aim of picturing Nature as she really is, but with the view of obtaining a truly artistic figure that would grace any modern work upon ornithology

After selecting my point of view and the natural background in the case of this wood thrush's nest, I concluded that from an artistic standpoint it would be detrimental to the beauty of my result to reproduce the background in the picture. I therefore cut all this entirely out by suspending in the tree, immediately behind the nest, a large, smooth, white sheet

How Best to Take Time Pictures

One of the main keys to success in the operation I am here describing is the attentive study, by the photographer, of each little detail in the ground glass of his camera. Make sure that, so far as possible, everything you expect to get is in the sharpest focus attainable. I often go so far as to examine detail on the ground-glass with a strong lens, so as to be absolutely sure of this point—that is, where I am not making instantaneous exposures, but time pictures. Then, too, I insert a "stop" at last, with an aperture not exceeding two or three millimetres, and use the very best instantaneous plate my pocket can afford. Indeed, in all photographic manipulations, the best material in the market is the cheapest in the long run. Experience alone can teach one how long any individual exposure should be, and the best guide to that is to use the same appliances and the same material every time

Very often it proves to be of advantage to leave the natural background in, and when one can do this the value of the picture is often enhanced thereby. A good example of this is seen in my photograph of the young mourning doves, a result that is Nature itself. The old one had just slipped off them, and not a single twig or a spray was disturbed at the time of my making the exposure. This nest was very favorably situated, in a scrubby pine, not over four or five feet above the ground

In many cases I have been able to make excellent studio pictures of nests and nestlings by cutting off the branch or branches in or upon which the structure had been built and bringing it directly to my home, where I could control light and other matters better than I could have done had I attempted to photograph the subject *in situ*. Often it is windy on a spring day and the movements of leaves and branches will stand in the way of your success My photographs of young chats were obtained by taking them at my home, and surely the result is perfect enough, but I had to exercise great care in cutting the nest out, carrying it, and keeping the leaves from wilting. An old photographer of such subjects once said, however, that profanity, patience and plates would accomplish almost anything. The second ingredient of this alliterative formula, though, is the one that contains the secret, and the first cannot even fill the place of the rose-water in a physician's prescription

Young Sparrow Hawk

Young Hawk with grown feathers

and Nestlings

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

Pure white down often constitutes the earliest plumage phase of some young birds, and among them the sparrow hawk is a good example. In making studio studies of nestlings of this type, very artistic as well as zoologically valuable results are secured by using a dead black background. Black muslin is the best material to be used, and this is what I employed in my pictures of the nestling sparrow-hawk and the young hawk with growing feathers. Moreover, as these sparrow-hawks build in hollow trees, we are obliged to take them out in order to photograph them, and as they are too feeble to stand up, I was obliged to rig up a little platform of twigs for two younglings from the same lot, as shown in one of the pictures.

The life history of this brood is extremely interesting, as they alternated in sex and in the matter of size and plumage, but my space will not admit of my rendering that account in this place.

Owlets are splendid subjects to photograph, and I have succeeded many times with them. They, likewise, breed in tree-hollows, and are best put in a basket and taken over to one's studio to have their photographs taken.

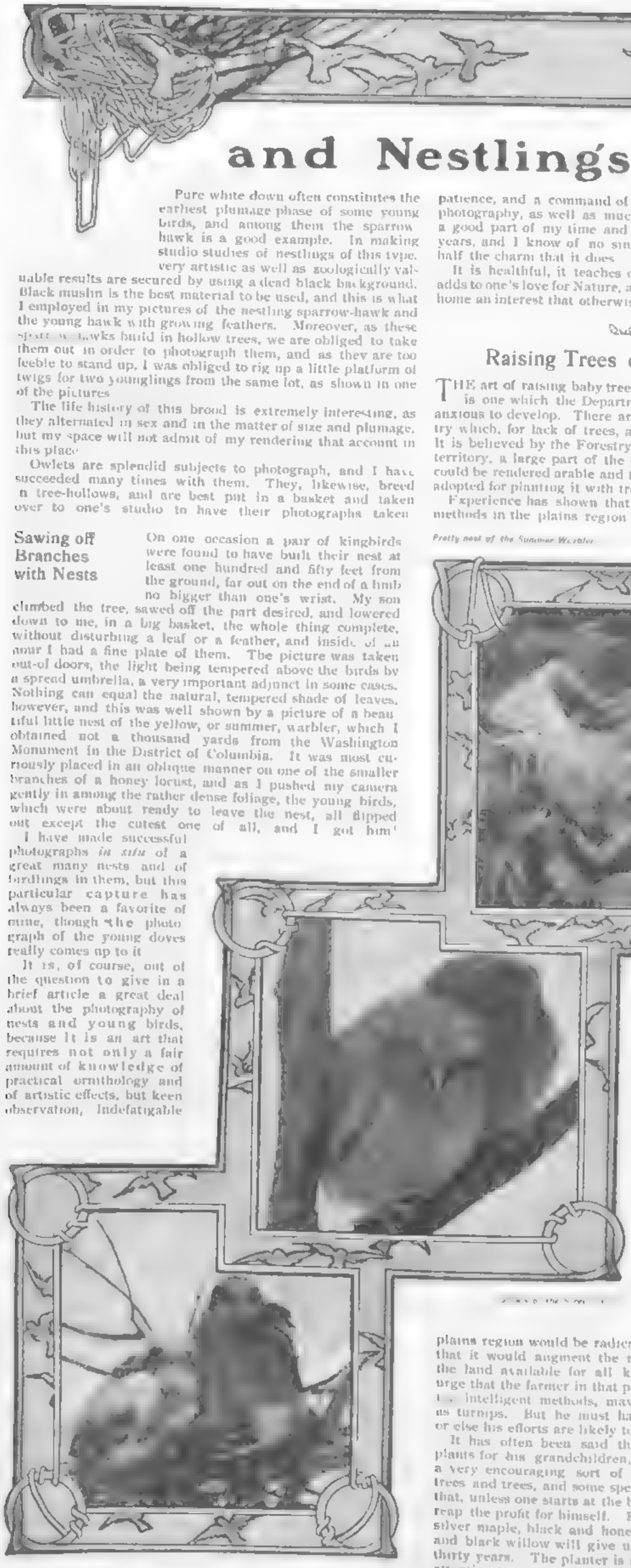
Sawing off Branches with Nests

On one occasion a pair of kingbirds were found to have built their nest at least one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, far out on the end of a limb no bigger than one's wrist. My son climbed the tree, sawed off the part desired, and lowered down to me, in a big basket, the whole thing complete, without disturbing a leaf or a feather, and inside of an hour I had a fine plate of them. The picture was taken out-of doors, the light being tempered above the birds by a spread umbrella, a very important adjunct in some cases. Nothing can equal the natural, tempered shade of leaves, however, and this was well shown by a picture of a beautiful little nest of the yellow, or summer, warbler, which I obtained not a thousand yards from the Washington Monument in the District of Columbia. It was most curiously placed in an oblique manner on one of the smaller branches of a honey locust, and as I pushed my camera gently in among the rather dense foliage, the young birds, which were about ready to leave the nest, all flipped out except the cutest one of all, and I got him!

I have made successful photographs *in situ* of a great many nests and of birdlings in them, but this particular capture has always been a favorite of mine, though the photograph of the young doves really comes up to it.

It is, of course, out of the question to give in a brief article a great deal about the photography of nests and young birds, because it is an art that requires not only a fair amount of knowledge of practical ornithology and of artistic effects, but keen observation, indefatigable patience, and a command of the technique of advanced photography, as well as much besides. It has occupied a good part of my time and means for the last eighteen years, and I know of no single pursuit that offers one half the charm that it does.

It is healthful, it teaches one to be a good observer, adds to one's love for Nature, and brings into one's life and home an interest that otherwise would not be found there.



Young Sparrow-Hawks

Nest and young of the Kingbird

Pretty nest of the Summer Warbler

Raising Trees on the Bottle

THE art of raising baby trees on the bottle, so to speak, is one which the Department of Agriculture is most anxious to develop. There are vast regions in this country which, for lack of trees, are arid and unproductive. It is believed by the Forestry Bureau that much of this territory, a large part of the Great Plains in particular, could be rendered arable and fertile if proper means were adopted for planting it with trees.

Experience has shown that tree-planting by ordinary methods in the plains region of the West is not successful. There is not water enough—or, at all events, not a sufficiently regular supply—and that statement sums up the whole trouble. Nevertheless, say the Government experts, the difficulty can be overcome completely and satisfactorily by the simple process of raising trees of suitable species from seed, carrying them through the critical period of babyhood in nurseries, and then planting them out, when they are old enough and sturdy enough to fight a bit, in the open. The experts believe that the climate of the entire plains region would be radically altered by afforestation, that it would augment the rain supply, and thus make the land available for all kinds of agriculture. They urge that the farmer in that part of the country, by adopting intelligent methods, may grow trees as successfully as turnips. But he must have the proper information or else his efforts are likely to prove barren of results.

It has often been said that a man who plants trees plants for his grandchildren, and, of course, that is not a very encouraging sort of enterprise. But there are trees and trees, and some species are such quick growers that, unless one starts at the business in old age, he may reap the profit for himself. Red oak, box elder, red and silver maple, black and honey locust, cottonwood, aspen and black willow will give useful timber in from ten to thirty years. The planter is recommended to confine his attention to a small number of useful kinds, and preferably to any that may grow naturally about his home.

Necessarily, the item of expense is all important. Uncle Sam wants to tell the farmers how to obtain forest tree seeds, and how to raise the seedlings at small cost. Where they can be gathered in the neighborhood, that way is best, but often they have to be purchased. To buy them is undesirable, inasmuch as they are high priced. They become high because the demand for them is small and irregular, because the work of collecting them is laborious (trees having to be climbed in many instances, and seeds picked off by hand), and because few persons are familiar with the business, which is restricted almost wholly to nurserymen and professional collectors.

The seeds of spruces of different kinds cost from two and a half to eight dollars a pound, those of firs from one and a half to five dollars a pound, those of pines from one dollar and a half (for white pine) to twelve dollars a pound for "jack" pine, those of larches from twelve to sixteen dollars a pound and those of the California Big Trees—fruitful seed producers, they—from three to six dollars a pound.

Seed production with some trees is variable. Few trees bear a crop of seed annually, but usually at intervals of one, two or three years. Seed should, therefore, be gathered from trees whenever they bear a good crop, inasmuch as the next year's output may be small, imperfect, or may fail altogether.

The tree seeds once collected, there is no small difficulty in keeping them in such condition that they will germinate when planted. Some tree seeds will retain their vitality for years when stored in an ordinary grain room, whereas others will in a few days lose their power to sprout. The seeds of brief vitality are those of maples, elms, birches, poplars and willows, while among those that retain life longest are the seeds of locusts, alders, tulip trees, pines, spruces, junipers and hollies. The seeds of some pines with close cones—lodgepole pine, Table Mountain pine, pond pine, and others—have been known to germinate when nine years old.

The simplest sort of seed-bed for raising young trees, where propagation on a small scale only is required, is a series of shallow boxes filled with earth, in which the tree seeds are sown. This system makes it possible to sow the seed much sooner than otherwise, inasmuch as the boxes may be kept indoors during early spring, and, when the weather is warm enough, may be put out of doors. Seedlings thus prepared, instead of producing one long taproot develop numerous small roots, and on this account they rarely fail to grow when transplanted.

The seed bed, properly considered, is the beginning of a future forest. It is, in fact, a forest in miniature. All that remains for the grower to do is to utilize properly the stock thus raised.

The tree's the thing, if the forestry experts are to be believed, and upon its preservation the future prosperity of the world largely depends.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1900

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Prophets of Ruin and the People

THE esteemed foreigner, of whatever nation, who chances to be sojourning on these shores during the progress of a Presidential campaign, is in a fair way either to learn some important facts or to have his mind seriously muddled; there is no middle ground for those not to the manner born. As an instance, take the campaign which has recently closed. It would be no exaggeration to call it a furious campaign, but lest the adjective be thought unreasonable, let us say that it was an exceedingly strenuous contest. Every doubtful State was the centre of a heated struggle between the political leaders and partisans of the two great parties.

Let us imagine that this noisy but peaceable conflict is witnessed from beginning to end by a fairly intelligent foreigner, who has some vague idea of the nature of the American Republic, but who is entirely unfamiliar with the somewhat complex machinery that keeps it going. What is the first thing most likely to attract his attention? Why, he would naturally turn to the great newspapers of the land, so far as he could lay hands on them, and endeavor to gather some information from their editorial articles; he would be anxious to know what all the bother and bluster was about, and he would conclude that the great newspapers would treat the matter with becoming gravity.

But what would he find? Why, he would be informed that the Nation was in Peril; that the Republic was now face to face with a contingency which, unless the voters of the country should meet it with both fortitude and patriotism, bade fair to bring the experiment of self-government to an untimely end; and the editor, going deeper into the situation, would find abundant reasons for Viewing it with Alarm. Turning to the organs of the other party, our foreign friend would find the same gloomy outlook; so that, no matter which party was successful, nothing but ruin would be the result. Imagine the feelings of the foreign observer! Possibly he might weigh the statements of the organs for what they are worth, but it is not likely; for if by any chance he should find it convenient to attend a political meeting, no matter who the orator or which the party, he would discover that the editor had no more than touched upon the dangers that threatened our free institutions. The foreign observer would be told that no matter which party was to be successful, the country was going headlong to the dogs.

Here was a party, one side said, with all arrangements made to turn the country over to anarchy and revolution, and carrying on an agitation calculated to disturb our business interests, lower wages, and close down thousands of our most flourishing industries. And here, on the other hand, was another party seeking by every means in its power to overturn our most cherished institutions, trampling the Constitution under foot, and conspiring to establish an Empire on the ruins of the Republic. Now, from the standpoint of the foreign observer, there could be no hope for the country whatever. The success of one party would mean one kind of ruin, and the success of the other another kind of ruin; it would be all the same in the long run; it can make no difference to the dead dog whether he was choked by a bone or a hunk of butter.

Well, the people turn out and vote, the election is decided, and perhaps to the surprise of our foreign friend matters go on pretty much as they have been going since the birth of the Republic. The sun shines as brightly as ever it did, and the people are as happy and as confident as ever they were. Democrats will cease denouncing one another only a few hours [illegible] Republicans [illegible] nothing had happened.

The truth is, the people have a way of looking after their own interests and attending to the affairs of government that is quite puzzling and sometimes disastrous to the politicians. We have a way of saying that a party leader whose campaign has been successful is a very shrewd manager; his friends will claim for him the most remarkable gifts, and his opponents will say of him that he is a notorious corruptionist, who has been successful simply because he has had a large campaign fund at his disposal. It must be clear to every thoughtful man that in such a case praise, equally with abuse, is in the nature of an attack upon the intelligence of the average voter. It is as foolish to say that a political leader is able to "manage" a majority of the American people as it is to say that he is able to buy them.

It is our habit to say that our public men are responsible for the things that only the people could have brought about of their own free will and accord. Since Abraham Lincoln we have had no statesman with a thorough understanding of the American people. That great man knew them well enough to know that no one man nor one hundred men could lead them about by the nose, or "manage" them to suit the exigencies of a political campaign. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that when the voters of the country go to the polls they do so for the purpose of registering their will. Time and time again it has been demonstrated that neither men nor party organizations control the people. It may be taken for granted, too, that the fabric of the Republic is not likely to fall clattering about our ears because the partisan editors and orators are all the time prophesying such an event.

—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The Christmas ratio is about 16 wishes to 1 present

America Discovered by Americans

DURING the past two decades America has been occupied with the rediscovery of the country. In the seventies we were a race of dwellers in towns, having herded into them from the rural districts which our grandfathers and our grandfathers' grandfathers had reclaimed from the wilderness. For perhaps four weeks in the blazing heat of August we moved *en masse* to huge seaside hotels only a little less large and a little less crowded than the cities from which we came. Here we moved constantly in the public eye and found our chief pleasures in elaborate dressing and dancing and late hours. Then gradually athletics and the summer cottage were discovered. It came to be seen that country pastimes were different from town pleasures, and that quiet and simplicity in one's own house were better than all the gorgeous vulgarity of the big hotels. The process has gone on, and we now point with pardonable pride to the result. We go to the country as soon as we can after summer comes and we leave it only with the autumn.

But the lesson is not wholly learned as yet, and the country is only half reconquered. When the tide sweeps back to the cities in the autumn the woods and fields fade from the townsman's mind and the country is deserted till hot weather comes again. Those whose leisure will allow it go to California or Florida for a winter in the subtropics. But the country still lies at the gates of the town and we never venture into it. Outside the short stories in the magazines it is to be feared that few Thanksgiving or Christmas parties gather in the farmhouses nowadays. We celebrate a winter holiday in town by overfeeding and going twice to the theatre. In the country we might have skating, sleighing, cross-country rides and walks, a ravenous appetite, an honest weariness at evening and long slumber.

America could in this case well take a leaf from England's book. Of course it is not likely that we shall soon have a class whose leisure allows them to make the country the real home and the town the temporary pleasure resort; nor indeed is it at all sure that such a leisure class would be desirable. But we could do with something corresponding to the hard-worked Londoner who is constantly spending his spare hours in the country. Christmas and Easter see an exodus from the English capital. All through the winter the Saturday afternoon trains out and the Monday morning trains in carry people who are glad of even twenty-four hours by the sea or in the fields. The overworked father of a family who must have a week's rest, or the mother with a convalescent child need not take an expensive railway ticket into subtropical regions; change of air, scene and occupation lies within fifty miles. English winters are not so cold and bleak as ours, but English houses are not so snug and warm as American ones, nor is the English winter landscape ever so brilliant and exhilarating as our snow-clad woods and fields. The Englishman, however, never forgets the country; the Englishman, however, never thinks of it for half the year. The American never thinks of it for half the year. The American would like it quite as well as the Englishman did he but try it, and the gain in health and pleasure would be well worth the experiment.

—H. G. RHODES.

Good resolutions begun now will be a little better than if postponed until the first of January.

Hot Politics in the Tropics

WHATEVER doubts may have existed as to the ability of the Cubans to conduct a free and enlightened form of self-government should be dissipated by the reports from Havana, from which it may be judged that, as soon as the dusky natives had healed up the spots on their necks where the Spanish yoke had galled them, they set about following the illustrious example held forth to them by their new-found brothers in the United States, who work six days a week at saving the country. The Cubans have had a constitutional convention; half a dozen delegates were accused of having stolen into the convention without the aid or consent of a majority of the voters of their respective precincts; the matter was referred to the committee on credentials, and after the usual brisk fight in the committee-room, enlivened in this case by a warmth and personality of debate unexpected in a people hitherto debarred from the joys of political conventions, the committee seated some of the suspected gentlemen and unseated the rest of them, thereby planting the seeds of a feud which will probably result in the formation of six political parties in the near future.

But the hopeful phase of the whole matter is that our Cuban brothers are getting on. They are taking the first steps in the great national game of politics, not timorously, like a babe learning to walk, but boldly, like a man whose feet have just been freed from chains. What effect the new order of things will have on the sugar and tobacco crops, whether the substitution of the campaign cigar for the machete will help things along, is a matter the future must determine. Certain it is that a people as warm-blooded and enthusiastic as the Cubans, whose individual members make it a strong point to be ready for a riot-call or the tocsin of war at any moment, will add to practical politics a picturesqueness which they are fast losing in this country, even in the larger cities. True, this same enthusiasm may have a marked effect upon the mortality reports and reduce the number of registered voters to a degree which will greatly simplify the counting of the returns on election night, but all the time the Cubans, who are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, as the Congressional Record has feelingly observed, will be learning all there is to be learned about practical politics. The prospect before the gentlemen who have been so suddenly handed the franchise is at least an enlivening one.

A host of patriots in this country who, for various reasons, have begun to discover that the field is a bit crowded, will waste no time in getting down to such virgin soil as is thrown open by the Cuban elections, and it need not be at all surprising if within a few years the city council of Havana or the legislature of Matanzas contains several names more familiar in Kerry or Galway than they are in Castile.

The gentle natives will be inducted into the mysteries of the American "primary," and there the long training most of them have had on the battlefield will come in handy. The passionate fondness of the people for parades, which has hitherto found vent chiefly in religious processions, will make things easy for the organizer of the campaign marching club.

But the pulsing joys of the campaign will be as nothing to the patriotic Cuban compared with the unaccustomed delight of getting close to the crib when his party has snowed the unspeakable opposition under and saved the country from immediate and total annihilation. The lately enfranchised Cuban has never been near enough to the crib to even smell the fodder, his part having been solely to furnish it for the other fellow, and he does not even realize what is in store for him. But it will not take him long to learn, and as soon as the first batch of plums has been handed out by the "boss" the planters will have to import people to gather the crops.

Who would have dreamed of all this three years ago, when the Cuban was rolling cigars all day for twelve pesos or thereabout and taking pot shots at Spanish generals all night from the shelter of friendly trees? Who would have thought that the tired Cuban would so soon turn his Mauser into a campaign torch and sit around in the city hall with his feet on the desk? Certainly not Valeriano Weyler.

—FRANK X. FINNEGAN.

Somehow we all wish that we were sending better Christmas presents to the Filipinos than American bullets.

The Open Door to Crime

THERE is a relation between prosperity and morality, between poverty and crime. It is not affirmed that the rich are generally virtuous, or that the poor are generally vicious and depraved. Luxury has its moral diseases as certainly as penury.

The vices of the rich have their source in selfishness, and are such as extravagance, gluttony, ostentatious pride and deficient social sympathy. The vices of the poor spring largely from physical wants, such as hunger and thirst, from conditions unfavorable to virtue, or from desperate need.

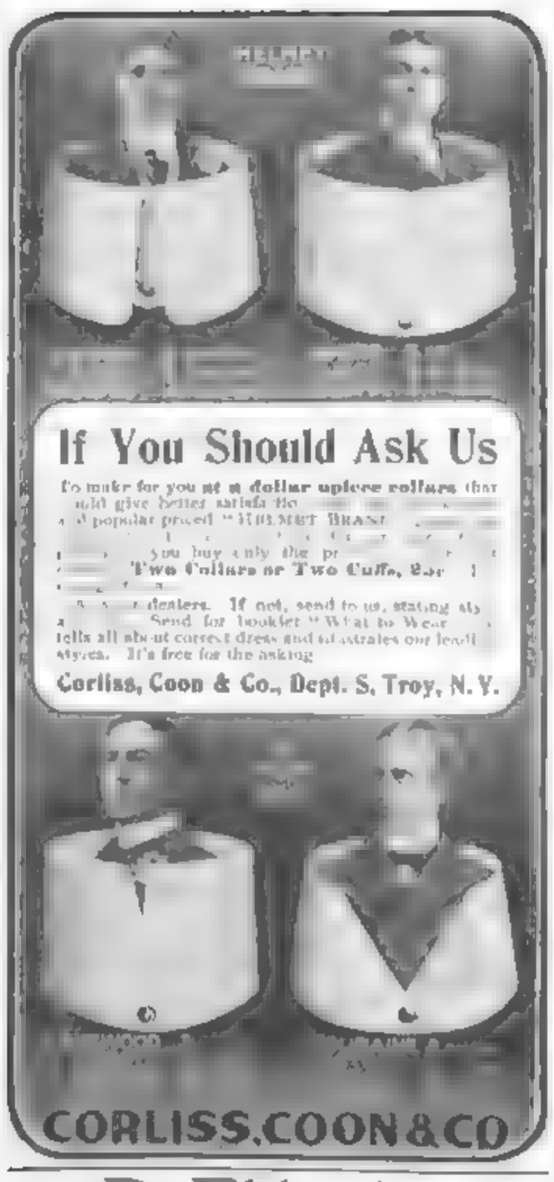
Every great panic, every period of commercial depression, bringing with it industrial stagnation, is marked by an immediate increase of crime. But note this, that the majority of those who join the ranks of the criminals during hard times are offenders against *property* rather than against *person*. That is, their crimes are such as men commit who need money to buy food and to support their families, and not such as have their motive in brutal passions.

Prosperity is not a purely material consideration. It touches the ethical life of the people, the integrity of manhood, the character of citizenship.

To close the mines and mills is to open the jails and prisons. To silence lathes and looms is to drive honest men to deeds their own souls abhor. The safety of the state is in the material welfare of the people. The very word "commonwealth" indicates a community of prosperous people in which the weal of each is the care of all.

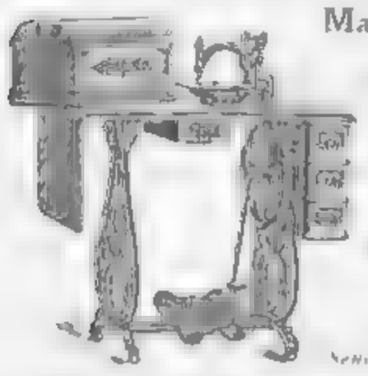
—C. C. ALBERTSON.

If you want to live long, do your best and let others do the worrying.



B. Eldredge
AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.



Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A
PRICE
AND FULLY
GUARANTEED

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO.
BELVIDERE, ILL.

Chicago House, 49 Jackson Boulevard. New York House, 93 Reade Street.

20TH CENTURY ELECTRO-VAPOR LAUNCHES

Will be used exclusively at the Pan American Exposition because they are the best. They are elegantly finished, simple in construction, safe, reliable and **Fully Guaranteed.** Stock sizes 15 to 50 ft. $150 buys a Launch this year. Send 10c. for handsome catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, etc. Order now, avoid spring rush.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Box P, Racine, Wis.

FULL SPRINGS genuine leather all sizes alike. Sizes 16 x 20 stock or to order

$20

Catalogue C 93 Office Furniture C 94 House Furniture

P. H. STAFFORD & BROS., Steinway Hall, Chicago

YOU NEEDN'T CARE A BUTTON

If you've a Bachelor's Button, with Improved Washburne Patent Fasteners under but- push down the lever. It holds like grim death! By mail, 10 cts. Catalogue of novelties made with Washburne Fasteners, free on request.

AMERICAN RING CO., Box 98, Waterbury, Conn.

STAMPS

The Man of Letters

Some Incidents of His Profession. By William Mathews

IS THE literary calling a desirable one? Does it commonly yield to its votary, in return for a reasonable amount of labor, a comfortable subsistence, and are its pleasures and its pains greater or less than those of other professions? I shall attempt to answer these questions—to depict, as fairly as I can, the lights and shadows of the literary life; and in so doing shall begin with the latter.

The unpleasant features of the literary calling—its hardships, vexations and disappointments—have often been blazoned to the world. The claims of literary genius are so shadowy and equivocal, so reluctantly acknowledged, oftentimes, by the most competent judges, and so exposed to the misapprehensions of ignorance, that Pope declared that "the life of a wit is a warfare upon earth." From the days of the "*impransus*" Johnson, struggling through fifty years of poverty, down to those of Hood, coining jests to keep the wolf from his door, we have heard the same old, old story of the ill-requited toil of authors; of the daily hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot struggle with necessity for the means of living, by men who in other callings might have enjoyed a competence and ease, if not "riches fineless." Has not Disraeli filled a volume with "the calamities of authors," and has not Moore sung, of the impecunious poet, that

> Bailiffs will seize his last blanket to-day
> Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow?

But this complaint, some one may say, was made more than fifty years ago. A brighter day has dawned. True; but if in some respects, the position of the man of letters has improved since the days of Grub Street and lordly patronage, is it not yet far from rose-colored?

Fried Bacon à la Parnasse

Is not the fate of many authors to-day prefigured in the experience of one who, on going out of a provision shop, where he had been doing his humble marketing, found that his bacon was wrapped up in a sheet of one of his own productions, and his cheese in a leaf of another? Did not the late J. G. Wood, the naturalist, after a life of unceasing toil, in which he gave not a few volumes to the press, leave a wife and six children penniless? Did not Richard Jeffries, in spite of his charming literary productions, die so poor that there was hardly money enough to defray his funeral expenses? Was not Matthew Arnold's estate, notwithstanding his exquisite talents as poet, critic and essayist, inventoried after his decease at less than £1000?

When the brilliant essayist and critic, William Hazlitt, was asked if he wished his son to follow his own calling, "Oh! God forbid!" was the quick and impatient reply. "Throw yourself from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes," said Charles Lamb, "rather than become the slave of the booksellers." Washington Irving, who earned $60,000 by his pen during the few years he was in England, regretted a thousand times that he had ever suffered himself to be bewitched by the fancied blessings of authorship, instead of binding himself down to "some regular mode of life." "There is no life," said he, "more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author." With the exception of a comparatively few prize-winners, no men of equal abilities and culture expend so much talent and toil for so little money as men of letters. Men of genius and fine culture, working like beavers, can with difficulty earn $2000 a year.

The Income of Busy Writers

I once asked a veteran and accomplished writer for the press, who won a reputation by his first book, and has since contributed for fifty years to most of the leading reviews and magazines of the United States: "How much money can a man with a first-rate constitution, and with the very best education which America and Europe united can give, earn yearly by writing for periodicals? Can he earn $2000?" "No." "Can he earn $1600?" After some thought he replied, "Yes; but that is all." The late James Parton, who was a prolific and exceptionally successful writer, took a similar view of the pecuniary side of authorship.

"An industrious writer," he once said, "by the legitimate exercise of his calling can just exist, no more. No man should enter on the literary life unless he has a fortune or can live contentedly on $2000 a year. The best way is to make a fortune first and write afterward.

Literature, to the great majority of its breadwinning votaries, is a lottery. Often a good book finds no publisher, and when one is found, the chances are that its sale will not remunerate the author. Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice—the delight of Walter Scott and Macaulay—was fifteen years in finding a publisher. Sartor Resartus was refused almost contemptuously by three publishing houses; Vanity Fair was declined with thanks by a dozen publishers; Campbell's Pleasures of Hope ran the rounds of publishers till the hope of publication ceased to be a pleasure, and was finally sold for £10. Though Jane Eyre and Eothen took the world by storm when published, yet their authors trudged wearily from publisher to publisher before they could get them into print. Lewes' admirable Life of Goethe was published by a personal friend of the author, after it had been rejected by all the leading London houses. Even David Harum, of which some 500,000 copies have been sold, traveled a long round of publishers before it was finally accepted.

Trampling on a Beginner

George Meredith says of his countrymen that they knock down a newcomer in authorship and trample on him; then, if he shows signs of life and pugnacity, they begin to say to each other: "There is something in this man, after all." Persons who contemplate literature as a means of subsistence or a route to fame are too apt to forget that it takes a long and laborious apprenticeship—a process of self-culture requiring much time, wide experience and patient practice—to fit the untried applicant for position. "It requires," as La Bruyère says, "far more than a genius to be an author. It is quite as much of a trade to make a book as a clock."

It has been justly said that, to turn out such work as Gray's Elegy, Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot, or the most exquisite of Tennyson's poems, a man must have abundance of time and be independent of any disturbing influence. He must wait patiently for the favorable instant—for the sudden flash of felicitous inspiration which cannot be called down by any conscious preparation. "His pen acts as the lightning-conductor, not as a pistol ready loaded. It must wait for the right electric conditions before it will generate the shock."

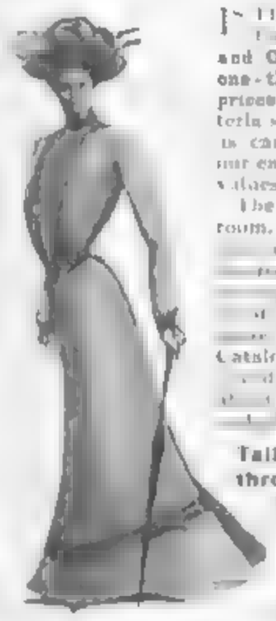
Again, a successful lawyer, doctor or engineer, if he makes his way to the front, has a steady call for his services; an author's gains, which depend upon a public taste as changeful as the winds, are always precarious. If he is so lucky as to make a hit with his first book, he can rarely repeat his good fortune. Even though the public be willing to listen again to the voice of the charmer, he can seldom charm so wisely as at first.

Getting Down to the Lees of Thought

Goldsmith advocated the admission of new members into the famous Literary Club on the ground that the original associates "had traveled over each other's minds"; and this was said of no shallow men. But of such capacities [illegible] as those of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Garrick. But the complaint is as true of authors as of talkers. Unless a writer has an extraordinary stock of ideas, which he is incessantly replenishing by reading, observation and conversation, he will speedily reach the lees of his mind, and his readers will complain of the staleness and monotony of his ideas. Acquiring more and more literary skill, while his intellectual development lags or is at a standstill, he will be in danger of repeating himself; more and more dexterously, it is true, yet becoming his own echo. As Alexander Smith says: "He can catch his butterflies more cunningly; he can pin them on his cards more skillfully; but their wings are fingered and tawdry compared with the time when they winnowed

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers. The second will appear in an early issue.

Reduced Prices
ON
Suits and Cloaks



IS THIS [illegible]ding attractive? [illegible] is this? Suits and Cloaks made to order at one-third less than regular prices. Made of as good materials, cut as stylishly, finished as carefully as they were at our early season prices—great values then, too.

The why of [illegible] to make room. Of c[illegible] Catalogue, Sample [illegible] Price List [illegible]

Tailor-made Suits, lined throughout, former price $10; reduced to $6.67.

$15 Suits reduced to $10.

$20 Suits reduced to $13.34.

Separate All-Wool Skirts, former price $6.50, reduced to $4.34.

$9 Skirts reduced to $6.

$12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Winter Jackets, lined throughout, former price $7; reduced to $4.67.

$9 Jackets reduced to $6.

$12 Jackets reduced to $8.

Rainy-Day Skirts, former price $7; reduced to $4.67.

$8 Rainy-Day Skirts reduced to $5.34.

$10 Rainy-Day Skirts reduced to $6.67.

Reduced Prices on Rainy-Day Suits, Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Etc.

W[illegible] sample suits and [illegible] on in our catalogue, Bargain List and Reduced [illegible] ples; you will get them *free* by re[illegible] What you choose, your order will [illegible] promptly, intelligently. If you think not, garment back. *We will refund your money* [illegible] your good will we want most.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

REVELL & CO.

A Christmas Gift

THE NEW MORRIS CHAIR 9.75

Description.—The frame is of massive oak design, new and original, workmanship first class. Front and sides of frame are richly carved, has large, comfortable arms, [illegible]tely ratchet rod [illegible]d in golden oak, Spanish [illegible] or mahogany. Loose reversible cushions, both filled in [illegible] cotton in the newest and choicest patterns of velour, [illegible]n or figured. Seat is supported on thoroughly tempered steel springs, thereby insuring a luxuriance of comfort not obtainable in any article of library or parlor furniture at double the price.

WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

KEEP A DIARY!

Huebsch's Year Book for 1901

[illegible] a desk diary, one page to [illegible] the day, [illegible] number of days past and to come [illegible] the head. Contains postal information and calendars for 1900 1901 and 1902.

[illegible] Year Book [illegible]

[illegible]ready needs it [illegible] lawyers merchants [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] $1.25

[illegible] yellow writing paper [illegible] .50

[illegible] $1.00

Send for descriptive booklet and [illegible]

D. A. HUEBSCH & CO., 33 Rose Street, New York

PARKER
"Lucky Curve"
FOUNTAIN PEN
Makes an ideal
Christmas Present

The time for Christmas giving is to many a most perplexing season. There is one thing that you can present, that you will make no mistake in selecting. It is a genuine

PARKER

"Lucky Curve" Fountain Pen

A good pen is a constant companion and a never ending source of pleasure and genuine comfort. A cheap or inferior pen will not do this, but it will write after a [illegible] will a shingle nail. The PARKER PEN is not a cheap pen, but good. It is made upon honor.

No. 021, price $3.50 (shown on the right), is extraordinary value, is jointless, beautifully mounted with gold bands.

No. 020, same as above, without mountings, $3.50

No. 019, small size, $2.00.

No. 30, price $10.00 ([illegible] the left), one of the [illegible] ful pens ever made. It is indeed a pen of such rare beauty that a Queen might well feel proud to own. Barrel and cap covered with pure 18k. gold of rare and rich design. Makes a [illegible] that would be treasured [illegible] time. Name will [illegible] barrel without extra charge.

If your dealer will not supply you, order direct, and your order will have prompt attention and goods delivered post free.

Booklet Free

We manufacture many styles of pens, some higher in price and [illegible] lower. The numbers mentioned above are special values.

THE PARKER PEN CO.
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

One Night to Denver

CHICAGO-UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE

COLORADO SPECIAL leaves Chicago 10 every morning, arriving Denver 1.30 next afternoon and Colorado Springs and Manitou same evening. No change of cars; all meals in dining cars. Another fast train at 10.30 p. m. daily. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western Railway. New book — Colorado Illustrated — mailed on receipt of four cents postage by

W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO WRITE ADS

Why don't you get in the ? Advertising Business

A good Ad writer makes money for his concern. That's why they pay big salaries. Bigger salaries than you can get in any other line of writing. Write for large 64-page prospectus. It tells how we teach Ads by mail and profitable business by mail.

Page-Davis Advertising School
413 Wellington Temple, Chicago, Ill.

BROWN'S FAMOUS PICTURES

One Cent Each. 120 for $1.00

Size 5½ x 8. 1200 subjects.

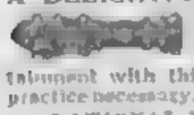
G. P. BROWN & CO. Beverly, Mass.

FAVORITE CAKE SPOON

manufacturers of **Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware** in the world. AGENTS, write how to get free this and four of our other best selling household novelties — outfit worth $7.00 — sent prepaid. Address Dept. H K.

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
Or New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.

A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINER



The Musical Wonder, the Multiphone Clarionet. Any one can provide good music for an entire entertainment with this instrument; only a few minutes' practice necessary. Postpaid 50c., with full instructions.

NATIONAL MULTIPHONE CO., Phila., Pa.

before him in the sunshine over the meadows of youth." In short, literature has become with him less and less an art and more and more a manufacture.

His first book he wrote because he was brimming with things he wanted to say; he writes the second, because he wants to say something.

Notwithstanding that literary labor is often so poorly requited, it is nevertheless the most exhausting of all kinds of mental toil. No other occupation is so tiring, none other requires such a concentration of the faculties and such a freedom from care, noise and everything which can distract the thought, no other work, therefore, is so harassing under the least derangement of health or circumstances—especially when poverty compels the toil to be unremitting—when

> Day after day the labor must be done,
> And, sure as come the postman and the sun,
> The indefatigable ink must run.

It is for this reason that, with rare exceptions, indolence has been the natural habit of imaginative writers in every age. They have almost universally shrunk from the work of formulating their ideas.

Thackeray confessed that he never set himself to the task of novel-writing at his desk without a terrible effort, and that he always laid down his pen with a sense of glad relief. The elder Dumas had to forbid himself, by a stern effort of the will, to leave his desk before a certain number of pages were written, in order to get any work done at all. Victor Hugo is said to have locked up his clothes while writing Notre Dame, so that he might not escape from the abhorred task till the last word was written.

Even Milton found it hard, at times, to compose a single couplet. At such times "the vision and faculty divine" failed him utterly; while at others the coveted spirit would come rushing upon him like a whirl[illegible] verse with almost breathless [illegible].

Yet in spite of these shadows [illegible], which continually alternate with its lights, there are few of its followers, we believe, who would exchange it for any other. One of the proofs of this is that few of its votaries do so. "There are millions of men," says Byron, "who have never written a book, but few who have written *only one*."

Writers of Renown in the NEW
Sunday School Times

More famous writers have been engaged for contributions to the forthcoming issues of The Sunday School Times than at any other period in its history. Each issue will be of exceptional value to every home lover, to every Christian of every denomination.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis will write on the problems that face the 20th Century minister
Robert C. Ogden will write of some striking example of the strict adherence to high standards of men active and prominent in the business world
Rev. F. B. Meyer will give seven reasons for joining the Christian Endeavor Society

Articles for everybody—young and old—will be written by Ian Maclaren, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Amos R. Wells, Margaret E. Sangster, Israel Zangwill, J. R. Miller, Dr. Schauffler, and many others equally well known. The famous Lesson Helps will be better than ever.

Price reduced to $1.00 a year
Liberal offers for club subscriptions

Issued every week.
Send for Prospectus.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Lively Adventure of the Widow's Cow

By M. Quad

THERE were pirate craft quartering the Caribbean Sea from the Island of Trinidad to Havana, and from Nassau to the Bay of Honduras. They sailed up and down the Gulf of Florida, and they hung about the Bahama Bank and the Yucatan and Windward Channels. Many a trader from the American coast fell into their hands, to be burned or sunk and the crew sadly misused, and the dread of the black flag lay heavy on the sailor's mind.

Of all the men who, trusting in luck, went from the port of Salem to the Florida Cap Noah Hutchins was perhaps the most notable. In his old butter-box of a brig, the Lucky Sally, he sailed out of Salem for the West Indies as calmly and serenely as he started off for Sunday meeting when ashore. On one occasion he would have been captured by a rover but for the advent of a sudden squall; on another the Lucky Sally owed her escape to a fog and brought home three solid shot fired into her hull; again a "long, low rakish craft," flying the Jolly Roger, had come within range of her and was about to open fire when an English man-of-war hove in sight and sent the red rover scurrying.

These escapes simply confirmed Captain Noah Hutchins in his first belief in the luck of the Lucky Sally. On the day the brig was launched he had found a Continental dollar in the road, and after he had moistened it with his tongue and had boxed the compass backward he had met a white horse and a one-horned cow. Even pirates couldn't beat such luck as that. Now and then as he made ready for a voyage some of the townspeople would say to him:

"Captain Noah, don't depend too much upon Providence. You can't expect to always escape the pirates, even with the Lord on your side."

"Mebbe not," he would reply; "but if me and the Sally and Providence can't squeeze through, then my gravestun is all ready, 'ceptin' the date."

Captain Noah had been a widower for many years. For many years also he had had an eye on the "Widder" Skinner; when he got through taking out machinery and calicoes and bringing back rum and molasses he would ask her to "jine" with him. It was an understood thing between them. Each time that he sailed away the widow admonished him to look out for black flags, and each time he returned home she thanked Heaven for his escape.

As time went on he came to his last voyage. The pirates were still doing a brisk business at the old stand, but the luck of the Lucky Sally would take her through, and then he'd settle down and have a home for the remainder of his days. On the night before the brig was to sail Captain Noah went up as usual to call on the widow.

"Nancy, I shall be back in about a month," he said as he sat poking the fire and eating an apple, "and then I'll be around to milk the cow, feed the hogs and wind the clock."

Well, I shall be kind o' glad on it," she replied without a blush. "I do confess that it's sort o' handy to have a man around. By the way, Noah, did I tell you that the cow had lost her cud?"

"N–o–o–a! You don't say so!"

Yes, she [illegible] self for the last two weeks. When a cow loses her cud you can look for most anything to happen."

"What d'ye 'spose made her lose it?" asked the Captain after a solemn silence.

"Dunno, unless she got to pining."

"Pining for what?"

"For a change of scenery, mebbe. I've been thinking. This is to be your last voyage, and the cow has lost her cud. Being as this is your last voyage I want you to be comfortabler than usual. Being as the cow is pining, s'posen you take her along and give her a change of scenery? Both of you'll be the better for it."

"She'd be in the way," replied the Captain slowly, "but at the same time there's the milk. Then she'd sort o' remind me of you. If change of scenery will brighten her up, I'll fetch her back with her tail in the air."

It happened, therefore, that when the Lucky Sally spread her wings next morning and sailed out of Salem at her usual lively speed of six miles an hour, the widow's cow was on board.

"Don't let her get hold of [illegible] to taint her milk, and look [illegible] called the Widow Skinner as [illegible] off.

"I'll remember, and don't you fall down cellar nor git drowned in the cistern," replied the Captain, and so they parted.

It is due to the pirates of that day, who are no longer on hand to protect their reputations, to say that they kept a bright lookout for Captain Noah Hutchins and his butter-box, and it wasn't their fault that the Lucky Sally squeaked through for the dozenth time and brought up in the port of San Domingo. It is also due to the record of the cow, who didn't outlive the pirates many years, to say she did her best to make Captain Noah "comfortabler."

Nothing happened for any one to fall over until the brig was headed for home and was flying to bound over the bounding billows to the westward of Cairos Bank. The sun had just climbed out of his bed when a sail was reported coming up astern. The mate and the crew almost at once declared her to be a pirate, but Captain Noah was in no hurry about it. He ate his breakfast and smoked his pipe, and then took a long squint at the stranger through his glass. Her black flag had been thrown to the breeze and was visible to the naked eye before the Captain carefully put away his glass and calmly observed:

"Wall, now, but that's a pirate, sure 'nuff, and I shouldn't wonder if he was after us."

There was considerable trepidation among the crew, but Captain Noah showed no evidence of being upset. There was neither squall nor fog-bank nor man-of-war in sight,

Save Your Eyes

[illegible] rays of light where light is needed — by using an

ESPERSEN
Adjustable Shade Lamp

Adapted to use at any desk, piano, type writer, bench, etc., where [illegible] electric light is [illegible]

[illegible] light 50 per [illegible] Adjustable to [illegible] position. Completely shades the eyes.

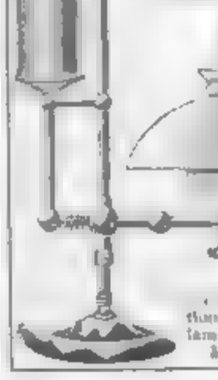
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List. FREE. Address

PACIFIC ELECTRIC COMPANY
Ave. O
La Crosse, Wisconsin
U. S. A.

[illegible] express [illegible] to any address in the U. S., upon receipt of $3.25

THE "BEST"
Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp

Brighter than Electricity or Acetylene and Cheaper than Kerosene



A safe, pure white [illegible] steady light. 100 candle power costs 1 cts. for [illegible] Approved by Fire Insurance [illegible] Underwriters. No [illegible]

[illegible] This is the Incandescent Vapor [illegible] It is perfect. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted everywhere. Every lamp warranted. THE BEST LIGHT CO.
345 East 10th Street, Canton, Ohio

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

Rag Dolls and Cloth Toys

Oil Colors. Will not crock. Indestructible.

"Life Size Dolls!"

"Baby's clothes will now fit Dollie."

2½ Feet High

This doll is the largest in the set, being 2½ feet high, and is to be stuffed with cotton. It is an exact reproduction of a hand-painted French creation, and has Golden Hair, Kid Colored Body, Red Stockings, Black Shoes.

Price, singly, 50c

To the many mothers who have written: "Why don't you make a smaller doll for Baby?" We also make a 20-inch white doll, a 20-inch Topsy "Coon" doll, a High Colored 20-inch ball. All these at 25c each. Also "Cry Baby" 7-inch dolls, 15c each.

Special Combination Offer for $1.00

WE WILL SEND

1 Life-Size Doll, 2½ feet high,	$ .50
1 20-inch White Doll,	.25
1 20-inch Topsy "Coon" Doll,	.25
1 Baby Ball,	.25
1 Cry Baby, 7-inch Doll,	.15
Total retail price,	$1.40

ALL ABOVE FOR $1.00

If unable to procure any of these articles at your retailer's, the Manufacturers will, on receipt of price, send singly or in set, postpaid to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

KEPT IN STOCK ALL YEAR

ART FABRIC MILLS, 40 White St., New York

SKATES

Catalogue Free

BARNEY & BERRY

111 Broad Street

Springfield, Mass.

200 Egg Incubator For $12.00

The simplest, most perfect incubator made in the world. This is a new one at a remarkably low price. It is an enlargement of the famous

WOODEN HEN

And made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg put in it, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly.

Write for free catalogue.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

A HOLIDAY GIFT

At this season

There is nothing you can give your sportsman friends that will be appreciated as will a

MARBLE SAFETY

POCKET AXE

Light, durable, useful, handsome. The handiest tool a sportsman ever carried. For sale by all dealers, or direct by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

$1.50 and $2.50

Send for Catalogue.

W. L. MARBLE,
GLADSTONE, MICHIGAN

Improve your GRAPHOPHONE

The Ruby Point

Increases the volume 50 per cent. Easy to adjust. Sent post prepaid with instructions, to any address, for $1.00.

THE RUBY POINT CO., 19 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BAG PUNCHING

Is the healthiest exercise in existence. The

MOLINE PLATFORM

Makes it possible to punch the bag in your own bedroom. It is adjustable and quickly attached to any wall without injury to same.

Price without bag $10

Illustrated Catalog of all sports FREE.

New Book on Bag Punching, 10 cents.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., New York, Chicago, Denver

Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

IT IS a pleasure to come across a man who believes the supernatural story he is telling. Most writers of fairy tales do not have the courage of their convictions. They believe in fairies and djinns themselves, of course, but they are afraid of straining their readers' credulity to the breaking point if they do not provide some natural explanation for the supernatural events, so, in the last chapter, they make the hero awake and find the whole thing was a dream, or else they get an untruthful person to vouch for the story instead of bravely standing to their guns and letting it go for what it is worth.

But Mr. F. Anstey is not that kind of writer. He believes in genii, or jinnees, as he calls them, and, having a tale of the peculiar but decidedly probable adventures that befell one Horace Ventimore, a London architect, who uncorked an ancient Arabian brass bottle and thus released a vast spirit, he goes ahead and sets down the whole series in the perfectly matter-of-fact way that is needed for such stories (*The Brass Bottle*). If he were to let slip the idea that he, Mr. Anstey, did not believe the story he is telling, there are thousands of perfectly intelligent and credulous persons who would not believe it either. As it is, you feel that it is all very easy of belief, and you read with delight how the cavalcade of camels loaded with precious gifts, suddenly came out of the fog of a London street and stopped at Mr. Ventimore's lodgings. You may think that he was a fool for refusing to accept the gifts, worth a half a dozen kings' ransoms, that the jinnee had sent him out of gratitude for his release from an age-long captivity in a musty bottle, but you do not doubt for an instant that the camels were coming and came, and you wish that you might have been there to see the unwonted sight. For it was unwonted. It is the oddity of the incidents that constitutes their charm.

Mr. Anstey does not insult our intelligence in the last chapter by explaining how it all happened. We know quite as well as he does how it came to pass, and when we lay down the book we find that we have been entertained and amused with dignity and skill by a man who need not depend on supernatural means to tell a rattling good story. —*Charles Battell Loomis.*

An Apologist for the Chinese

Having spent several years traveling nearly all over the civilized globe, Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln seems likely to spend almost the same amount of time writing about her wanderings. Since she published When we Were Strolling Players in the East she has written several books on the life of many lands, and is still busily at work in a house very near Hampton Court Palace, which is indeed a far cry from Chicago, where she really belongs. Having finished a book on wedding customs, she is now writing one on burial customs. Mrs. Miln says that at the present moment her chief difficulty is in keeping the Chinese chapters in her books down to a reasonable length. She would scarcely call herself pro-Chinese, but she admires that nation immensely—even to the extent of thinking its women beautiful.

Mr. George C. Miln is remembered in America as the man who gave up the pulpit for the stage, and, having played Hamlet from Leadville to Korea and Ceylon, gave up the theatre. His work now is mainly journalism, but his restless energy will probably carry him into fresh fields.

A New Author for Lalla Rookh

The best stories on Mr. Frankfort Moore are always his own. Here is one which he has been telling in London lately. It seems that at an "At Home" lately he was introduced to a young lady from Boston, who was said to be a great admirer of his writings. But then, at an "At Home" every young lady an author meets is described as a "great admirer" of his writings. However, Mr. Moore expressed his gratification.

"And which of my books do you think your countrywomen like best since you are good enough to say that they read me?" inquired the novelist.

And the young American is said to have replied: "I can't just say which they like best. But you will be glad to know that in my reading circle in Boston, Lalla Rookh has been a household word for years."

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Take a

Kodak

home for Christmas.

The Folding Pocket Kinds are made of aluminum, covered with fine seal grain leather and fitted with superb lenses and shutters.

$10.00 to $17.50.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

Specify the DOUBLE TRIANGLE BRAND when you buy Collars and Cuffs—just as carefully made, just as stylish as others costing twice as much.

Not highest in price, but highest in quality and fashion—Collars, 2 for 25 cts.; Cuffs, 25 cts. a pair. Ask for them wherever men's lines are sold, or write us.

"PRINCESS"

Useful Christmas Presents for a lady's or gentleman's desk.

POSTAL SCALES

Capacity one pound by one-half ounces. Height 3 inches. Warranted.

Tell at a glance the exact cost of postage in cents on all mail matter. Beautifully made—very ornamental.

"Princess"			"Countess"	
No. 1. Silver,	$3.75	Sent postpaid at prices quoted.	No. 3. Silver,	$4.00
No. 2. Seal Leather,	2.50		No. 4. Seal Leather,	3.00

Mention choice of leather, red or dark blue.

PELOUZE SCALE & MFG. CO., 135 S. Clinton St., Chicago

"COUNTESS"

REPLACE YOUR BOOKS WITH A

Shaw-Walker Card System

It will easily take care of all the records now scattered about your desk and office. Write now for catalog—

Or, better still, include eight 2-cent stamps for six months' subscription to SYSTEM. This magazine explains fully, with complete illustrations, methods actually in use by successful business and professional men.

THE SHAW-WALKER CO., Muskegon, Michigan

Trial Outfit—Case, Indexes, Cards complete—$1.00, prepaid

The old Egyptian Boat did well enough on the sleepy Nile, but it is little to be compared with the splendid Lozier Launch of to-day, propelled by

THE LOZIER GAS ENGINE

Send five two-cent stamps for catalogue.

Which is more reliable than a steam engine, and so simple to operate that there is nothing to it but "The Turn of a Wheel." The cylinder oiler automatically sprays the piston at every stroke. The hot air Jacket surrounding the Muffler furnishes warm, dry air for properly vaporizing the gasoline under all conditions of temperature or moisture. The water Jacket surrounds cylinder, cylinder head and exhaust pipe, preventing burned fingers. These are some of the exclusive features that put the Lozier Motor in a class of its own, and makes it infinitely superior to all others. Our 1901 advance catalogue tells all about it. Write for it.

THE LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 20 Water Street, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Ry.

CINCINNATI TO MICHIGAN AND CANADA

6 HOURS TO TOLEDO, 8 HOURS TO DETROIT

4 FAST TRAINS DAILY

PATENTS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH
Washington, D. C.
No Attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "INVENTOR'S GUIDE."

WIDE-AWAKE Photographers and Amateurs

Join the Correspondence Camera Club

$25.00 Prize Competition. Particulars on request to

H. S. PHELPS, 120 West Twenty-First St., New York

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Largest Nursery. *Fruit Book Free.* Result of 76 years' experience.

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

Are You Deaf?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for catalogue.

WM. V. WILLIS & CO., 124 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

FINE ART
FINE ART
TOILET SOAP
By the Art of Man
For the Grace · · ·
of Woman
10¢
CAKE
25¢
BOX
TOILET SOAP
Armour & Company
CHICAGO